Reminiscences of the Wensleydale Hounds

1775 to 1907

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS

BY
CAPT. F. CHAPMAN
EX-MASTER

JOHN A. SEAVERNS

THE

WENSLEYDALE HOUNDS

PAST AND PRESENT.

SQUIRE TOMLINSON, FLATTLANDS, PRESENT MASTER.

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THE

Wensleydale Hounds Past and Present,

1775--1907.

WITH NUMEROUS ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF WELL-KNOWN DALESMEN.

BY CAPT. F. CHAPMAN,
EX-MASTER.

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DEDICATED TO

W. H. TOMLINSON, Esq.,

FLATTLANDS,

PRESENT MASTER OF THE

WENSLEYDALE HOUNDS.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

AS I have been asked by several friends to write a few notes on the history of the Wensleydale Hounds, and as I am not aware of any trustworthy record of them having been published, I feel that, being closely associated with the pack for upwards of sixty years, possibly I may have a greater knowledge of them than any person now living. I have tried to write this in an easy, readable, jocular-sort-of-after-dinner style, when the runs are so frequently run over again, over the walnuts and wine, and most thoroughly enjoyed. Although I have been on my back for more than twenty-five years, suffering from an affection of the spine, my recollections of the various runs, incidents, and anecdotes related, are still as vivid and fresh to my mind as ever. I claim no pretentions to high literary attainments, but having done my best, I trust my friends and

critics will not be too severe on my endeavours to narrate this short history of the old hill and dale pack in that beautiful valley of Wensleydale.

F.C.

EASTBOURNE, 1907.

ADDITIONAL PREFACE.

AS AN old friend of the author of this book, who taught me to fish and shoot (and no man ever had a better master), I should like to add a few notes to the preface, the more especially having been off his legs for twenty-five years, he may now be partially forgotton by older sportsmen, and unknown to the younger generation.

Not only an Ex-Master of the Wensleydale Hounds, but as a good all-round sportsman with rifle, gun, and rod. With the rifle, he won the first big all-comers' prize at Halifax, £100, in the early Sixties; at Wimbledon, in 1866, he won the St. George's Challenge Vase, £250, with gold enamelled jewel and badge. In 1870 he won the £100 Enfield Wimbledon Cup, besides other

prizes at Wimbledon, York, and many other Rifle Meetings throughout England and Scotland. He competed in at least eight International matches as a member of the English Twenty. He has cups on his sideboard won at *Tir* National Meetings in Belgium and Switzerland. As a game shot, I believe he holds the record bag of grouse ever made in England in one day over dogs, viz.: eighty-five brace on Bowes Moor, on 12th August, 1872. His extraordinary walking powers gave him a great advantage in the old point-shooting days, and his setters, broken by himself, could not be beaten. At driven grouse, I never saw his equal. I have shot driven grouse with two men who were included in the twelve selected best shots in the *Badminton Magazine*, and neither, in my opinion, was as good as Chapman. I shall never forget the day when a prop turned five or six small packs of grouse flying high and very fast down the line of butts. I was number one, Chapman number four; two and three were above the average shots; we all gave them two barrels, but nothing fell until opposite four, when every time, two fell side by side. He always says that he excelled most as a trout fisherman; I never saw anybody that could kill fish when hooked so quickly. He knew before we got to the river

side what flies the trout were taking, and could make his flies on the river bank. He killed more salmon in one season in the Yore than was ever killed before, viz.: sixty-seven fish. Partly owing to his wading in November, constantly getting over the top of his waders and neglecting to dry them, he was laid up quite in the prime of life, and for over twenty-five years has had little use of his legs; a sad change for a man of his active life, borne cheerfully and bravely. He was a good fast bowler and punishing bat, and the best and cheeriest of companions, as he now is, in spite of ill-health that would have broken the heart of most of us.

J.W.L.

Bishopdale, 1907.

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V. T. SUMFIELD,
Printer, Publisher & Stationer

ERRATA.

Page 4, line 23.—For "father was," read "father *were*."

Page 42, line 15.—For "of" read "*on*."

Pages 114 and 115, line 21 and 2 respectively.—For "Hector" read "*Rector*."

THE LATE JOHN CHAPMAN, ESQ.,
First Master of the Wensleydale Hounds.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. John Chapman, First Master of the Wensleydale Hounds.

MR. JOHN CHAPMAN was Master of the Wensleydale hounds for over forty years. He was, perhaps, best known as "Old Squire Chapman," although he never liked being addressed as Squire. He used to say, Esquire belonged to the tail of our aristocracy; that he was a British yeoman who owned sufficient property to enable him to live comfortably and within his income. He was an extraordinary man in many ways. After wading whilst otter hunting all day he would never change his clothes. Frequently when he had not found his otter, or had been defeated by him, he would stay all night

at some gentleman farmer's house not far from the river, so that he might have an early start next day. The late Mr. Fryer of Fleets, near Cover Bridge, told me that on one occasion when spending the night there he would not have any change of clothing although wet up to the waist. During the night the maid had dried his shoes. Early next morning his first enquiry was for a water trough. Being told of one, he walked out in his stockings and at once put his shoes into it, adding, "How could I put on such nasty hard things, besides, they would be quite wet in less than five minutes after getting to the river side." If he had an attack of lumbago, which was very rare, he would go down to the river and wade up and down up to his middle for about twenty minutes. This, he said, always did him good. Others tried it but it nearly finished them. I recollect when he was eighty-two years of age, a relative and I got thoroughly wet through whilst trout fishing, and on going up to Thornton for a change, I saw my father sitting quite comfortably in his armchair with quite a little pool of water

on the carpet at his feet. On remarking, "Pray, what have you been doing?" he replied, "Ah! yes, I forgot, I went out during that heavy shower to sit in the garden chair. It does me good to get well soaked, and softens my old skin." I immediately got his coat off, and whilst fetching him a dry one, he remarked to my relative: "As soon as Frank's gone out I'll have that coat on again." Strange as it may appear, I never remember it giving him a cold or doing any harm. He seemed to be quite impervious to wet. In his early days he was a capital swimmer and a good footman, and never seemed to tire. In his old age he frequently said he had hunted longer than any other man. He started at twelve years of age, and toddled out when over eighty-two if hounds were anywhere near. He was particularly fond of a drag of a fox, as well as the quest of a hare. He was also very partial to good road hounds, and had a fondness for "pricking" hares. Often I have heard him, when hounds were at fault on or near a road, call out to his old huntsman, Jammie Holmes, "Try if you can prick her,"

and many a hare has been accounted for in this way that would otherwise have been lost. "Pricking" is not so simple as imagined; it requires a keen eye and a good lot of practice, with a knowledge of being able to discover the spoor or footprints of a hunted hare. These prints are much larger and broader when a hare has been hard run than when quietly jogging along a road. In his day he was a very good and bold rider. When he was approaching his seventieth year he had a nasty fall above West Burton. His horse stumbled at a fence, and he fell on his side. About ten days after, when out hunting on Abbotside and cantering along with him, I noticed he had two or three sharp twitches, evidently in his side. Knowing how hard he was, I asked Dr. Willis to call and examine him. He did, and said, "Mr. Chapman, you've got two or three ribs broken." "Ah!" replied my father, "I thought there was something wrong; I'll soon blow them out again with a few good doses of porridge." Needless to say the doctor sent him a good stiff strengthening plaster.

He had been out hunting two or three times after the fall, but he never squeaked until I happened to notice it. He was not musical, but had a capital voice to hounds.

The following was told me by the late Mr. George Winn, of Askrigg:—In the old days of Vauxhall Gardens, one night when he and my father was there, a song was called for between the dances. A man standing close to him said, "I can sing 'Tom Bowling,' can you give a 'View, halloa?'" "Yes," he immediately replied, "if you will step on my foot when you want it, I'll give it." He did, much to the delight of the assemblage. Next day, when walking up Regent Street, two men passed them, and one of them was heard to remark, "That's the jolly little rosy-faced man who gave the 'View, halloa!' at Vauxhall, last night." He was of a most kind and genial disposition. Hunting was his greatest pleasure in life. He died at Thornton Rust, on December 20th, 1878, in his eighty-fifth year. I think I may safely say that he never had an enemy.

Since writing the above, a friend has sent me the following which was written by a country farmer, and circulated in the district shortly after his death :—

"Death of Mr. John Chapman.

"It is with extreme regret we note the death of this gentleman, which took place at his residence, Thornton Rust, Wensleydale, on Friday, the 20th December, 1878. The deceased was, for upwards of half a century, the Master of the Wensleydale hounds, and in that capacity was highly esteemed and beloved by a wide circle of friends. In his younger days he was naturally vigorous and active, and when mounted on his favourite black horse, he was a most perfect type of the Old English squire. Increasing years, however, compelled him, some time ago, to relinquish his favourite pastime, and although unable to leave home, he still found pleasure in visiting the kennels. Latterly the position of Master has devolved upon his eldest son, Captain Chapman, and as almost every nook and corner hunted by

this pack was known to the deceased, he was able to follow, in imagination, the whole course traversed, and thus derived much pleasure from the particulars of each day's sport when related to him. His general health had been good till Saturday week, when his condition began to cause anxiety to his friends. Feebleness gradually increased till Friday, on which day death ensued. The deceased, who was eighty-four years of age, was esteemed and beloved in his native village where the whole of his life was spent; and not one but will lament that another kind, generous and honoured neighbour has been taken from them. The remains of the deceased were interred in Aysgarth Churchyard on Tuesday, December 24th, 1878.

CHAPTER II.

The Earliest Record and History of the Pack.

THE earliest record I can find of hounds in Wensleydale is 1775, when a pack of harriers was kept at Askrigg by Squire Pratt, who also had a stud of racehorses which were trained there. He died at Newmarket in 1785. There is a tablet erected to his memory in Askrigg Church. After that date there was a pack at Middleham, the latter hunted foxes, hares and occasionally deer. This pack seems to have been the nucleus of the Wensleydale hounds. After their dispersal from Middleham, they became the Thoralby and Burton Harriers.

Some years afterwards they were amalgamated with the Askrigg Harriers, and were called the Wensleydale Hounds, a subscription pack, with the late John Chapman as Master, who was supported by the following well-known Dalesmen:

George Robinson, Esq.
Henry Robinson, Esq.
William Purchas, Esq.
William Lodge, Esq.
John Clarkson, Esq.
Richard Winn, Esq.
Christopher Other, Esq.

Mr. Chapman crossed the hounds with a breed of old Lancashire hounds, which were much heavier, with good deep mouths. I remember several of them, they were principally tan, or black and tan. Some little time after he bought a black and white hound at Kendal, in Westmoreland, called "Lifter," a capital foxhound, very fast, with a good tongue, in fact Mr. Chapman would not have anything but hounds with good voices. His chief aim was nose, pace and music, especially the latter.

I have had several drafts from the Bedale and Cleveland packs, but he would never allow me to keep them. He called them nothing but yelping things that could not be heard any distance away. Several years after this he got a batch of John Peel's blood, through Harry Routhmell, a noted Lake Hill huntsman. Several of these were lemon and white, with good mouths and very fast; having deep chests, but not nearly so heavy in body or limb as the modern foxhound. I think they were the same strain of blood as the trail hounds which now compete at the Grasmere sports. The hounds were then trencher fed; kept by members, tenants and small farmers in the villages in the valley, some at Carperby, others at West Burton, Thoralby, Newbiggin and Aysgarth, with Thornton Rust as head quarters.

On the morning of a meet, the huntsman would blow his horn at certain points to gather them together. For instance, if the meet was at Carperby, he would blow his horn opposite Palmer Flatt (overlooking West Burton) for the

West Burton hounds, and a little farther west for the Thoralby and Newbiggin hounds. Then the Master would gather the Thornton, Aysgarth and other outlying hounds on his way to the meet. He invariably hunted three days a week, if weather permitted, and it was really astonishing the amount of work they did. He never met later than nine or ten o'clock, as he was fond of questing up to his hare. For the drag of a fox he met much earlier.

I was often amused to see at what points they left for their respective homes after hunting. First the West Burton hounds would leave at Yore Mills, and trot through Aysgarth Churchyard; then the Thoralby and Newbiggin hounds would trot off half way between Palmer Flatt and Aysgarth. The hounds kept at Aysgarth merely stopped at their various homes in the village; the remainder followed the Master's horse to Thornton Rust.

They used to hunt—I should say from memory—four days hares to one of foxes; but

the latter were always preferred, and many a rare run they used to give us in the snow.

When a fox's track was found to point west or north, the huntsman who had been out early used to give a "View, Halloa!" from the opposite side of the Dale, and, having been answered by one from Thornton, he then gave another "Halloa!" from a point called Nab End, where he could be heard at Aysgarth. We then took the hounds over the river and up to the huntsman, who was waiting to give us the direction the fox was taking; and, having got on his track, we followed with hounds at our heels and a good terrier or two, until we either found him laid out or holed. If in a hole, where the terrier could not bolt him, we used to set a "kist"—a Dales word for a stone drain trap—and make a "baggie" of him, and after keeping him a week or so, it was really astonishing what a good run he would give us.

I am well aware that it is considered unsportsmanlike to run bag foxes, but this is owing to inland sportsmen not knowing how difficult it

is to kill these wild moorland foxes. In the Lake District, I believe they used to dig out when terriers could not bolt the fox, and give him to the hounds. Surely it is more sporting to make a bagsman of him, and thus get the chance of a run another day, and very often a good one. But as foxes were much more numerous in the Lake District than in our country, possibly they were justified in killing them as they could.

Our fixtures for "baggies" were mostly at the village inns in the valley, preference being given to those where a hound was kept, and before "Renny" was turned down, it was a custom to have a "whip round" for the huntsman, or the man who had got the fox. The Master mostly headed it with half-a-crown, others with a shilling or two, so that the huntsman often got a sovereign, with which he was quite content.

In the summer we had several days after otters; and I can remember at least six otters being killed by our hounds. So they really were a rummy all-round little pack. I remember my

father once replying to a question put to him by the late Lord Bolton: "What do you really call your hounds, Mr. Chapman?" "They will hunt anything from an elephant to a jack weasel, including water rats," was the reply; and the latter he would often try for when he could not find any sign of an otter. I used to remonstrate with him, saying, "They would run riot, and mark rats when otter hunting." "Nonsense," he replied, "it teaches them to swim; and they'll never leave an otter for a rat." Perhaps he was right, after all, for I cannot ever recollect them marking rats when on the drag of an otter.

My father was a rare stickler for sporting terms. For instance, he could not bear to hear anybody speak of a "brood" of partridges, a "covey" of grouse, or a "brood" of pheasants. He was very quickly down on them. "No, Sir!" he would emphatically remark, "a brood of grouse; a covey of partridges; an eye of pheasants; or a bevy of quail." But it was downright sacrilege to call a hound a dog.

THE AUTHOR

(CAPT. F. CHAPMAN, EX-MASTER).

CHAPTER III.

Two Good Runs—Sedbergh; and The Bagsman.

IT was in the spring of about 1872 I received a letter from a gamekeeper at Sedbergh, stating that they had a fox or two in the vicinity of Cautley Crag, and that he would not destroy them if I would take the hounds over. Being well and strong, and as keen as mustard, I saw my neighbour, Squire Tomlinson (who is now Master), and asked him if he would go. "Yes," he replied. I then at once wrote to the keeper, intimating the day we should arrive; and in due course I, Squire Tomlinson, and our faithful huntsman, Jack, with a couple

of terriers, drove over to Sedbergh, which is about twenty-four miles distant; the hounds following.

Having reached our destination—"The Black Bull Hotel"—and seen that the hounds were fed and carefully put up for the night, we joined the keeper and a few sporting friends of the neighbourhood, and fixed for a start at six o'clock in the morning. Punctually to the minute—all being fresh and well—we started off.

We went up the hill by Winder, and when we had nearly reached the top, the hounds suddenly began to feather and flourish, and I well remember saying to the keeper, "There, that's his drag; where does he feed, and where is his lair?; as we don't want to hunt heel if we can help it." He replied, "Cautley Crag will be his destination." It was then about half-past seven. We took the line to the right, and had a nice holding drag, not too fast, nor yet too slow, but just sufficiently strong enough to allow each hound to do his full share of work; and that I consider is the very essence of hill hunting,

as well as the making of hounds. One frequently sees them in their eagerness, bustle over the hound which has just given tongue, as though they were anxious to find out for themselves whether it had got the true scent, then rush ahead for about a couple of hundred yards, and afterwards return to work it out by inches.

We ran the drag to Cautley Crag, and as the hounds carried the line along the top of the crag, I told Jack to run on ahead and put them in at the far end, whilst we remained at the other end, and in less time than I can describe it, I heard a "Tally Ho!" just below where I was standing, and out came, close past me, a big greyhound dog fox, with an enormous white tag on the end of his brush.

I waited until I knew the hounds had heard the "Halloa!" and then made off as fast as my legs would carry me. It was then half-past eight.

The hounds passed me like the wind; I counted them and found they were all well together except one. After running a mile or

so, the missing hound passed me, and followed up the line; thanks to its being a light coloured one, I was enabled, by catching glimpses of it, to follow this line for several miles, but then lost sight of them all.

After waiting on a hill for some time, overlooking Tebay railway station, we, *i.e.*, the footmen followers, turned our steps for Cautley Crag again. As I said before, it was a dog fox, and I felt sure he would "ring" back to his vixen. We waited there several hours, during which time I blush to narrate that Jack's terrier entered a rock hole and brought out three tiny little cubs, no bigger than rats, and unfortunately she had nipped them, as they were all dead.

Under these circumstances, we thought the best thing to do would be to return to Sedbergh, and make what enquiries we could there. But nobody had heard anything of them, and, to use the squire's words, we were in a bonny mess. "What shall we do?" someone enquired. "Get something to eat, and see if we can make out anything afterwards," I replied.

In the evening I met a carrier who had come by road from Kendal. I asked him if he had seen any hounds. "Aye!" he replied, "I met a fox on the road, and some hounds a few hundred yards behind him. He jumped the wall near where there are two greyhounds on the gate posts, and the hounds, after over running him for about fifty yards, followed over the same place, going as hard as they could in this direction" (pointing towards the left of Kendal).

Well, we stayed all night at the "Black Bull," and next morning made all the enquiries we could, but were unable to glean anything as to the whereabouts of the pack. We then went to Cautley Crag again, and enquired at the "Cross Keys Inn" if they had seen or heard anything; finding nothing had been heard of them, we again returned to Sedbergh, but still getting no tidings, I suggested we should go to Moorcock, which is at the head of Wensleydale, and where there is a meeting of cross roads from Kirkby Stephen.

We stayed all night there, and next morning, as we were still without any news of them, I said

there was nothing we could do now but return home, hoping the hounds might return by themselves, and I well remember the Squire saying, "I daren't go without them; what would your father say."

We drove to Thornton, and before turning into the yard I saw my father sitting in a garden chair. He had seen us, and on coming out of the garden, asked how we had got on.

"We've lost all the hounds," I replied.

"What?" he said, "are they killed?"

I then explained all to him.

"Oh!" he said, "they'll soon come home again, all right." And sure enough, with the exception of one, they did all turn up in two or three days; some coming down Wensleydale, and three or four down Swaledale.

About a week afterwards, I heard they had killed their fox near a village called Newbiggin, which is not far from Kirkby Stephen, and as the crow flies, I should say not more than three or four miles from where we "found," so evidently he was the same dog fox making back to his

SEDBERGH, SHOWING WINDER.

Photo. by R. Greenbank.

vixen. They killed him about five o'clock, after a run of over eight hours, and quite unaided throughout. I afterwards ascertained that they were seen beyond Kendal, and in Long Sleddale; and I have little doubt that, at the top of Long Sleddale, where there are a lot of strong holes, that he had gone to ground there, but being so beated, he had come out, and some time afterwards the hounds had again hit off his line, and hunted him to where he was killed. The kill was seen by some navvies working near, who afterwards tried to secure the fox, but were prevented by the attitude of the hounds, which were so done that they laid round the fox all night. Next morning the navvies were more successful, by coaxing them with some pails of porridge.

He was not much torn, and was eventually stuffed; and now, I believe adorns a gentleman's house in Kirkby Stephen.

The distance, from what I saw, and from the points where I heard the hounds had been seen, must have been fully forty miles.

The Bagsman;
A Marvel of Patience and Slow Hunting.

This happened a few years later, and I will try and describe it as best I can, with the assistance of the few notes at my disposal.

The meet took place at Hardraw village, near Hawes, in Wensleydale, and a rare good and medley muster there was, for I can assure my readers that it was no uncommon thing to see the women rush out in all directions, with their knitting in their hands. They used to do a lot of "bump" knitting, and "bump," I understand, is a kind of worsted. I have heard an old gentleman tell of what fun there was in the good old days, when, as he said, he had a hunter that used to fly the bump lines as he galloped along the roads. This, I suppose, might be true, as I have no reason to doubt his veracity. He was a good and loyal supporter of the hunt.

But now to this particular hunt. We turned "Reynard" down in a field to the east of Hardraw, with his mask facing south, but what with the

crowds of both men and women, whose heads seemed to bob up from behind the walls in every direction, poor "Renny" seemed terribly baffled, as well he might; and when the hounds were unkennelled, I think they were even worse, as they ran riot in all directions but the right one, and after about an hour of this kind of thing, Squire Tomlinson, Captain Sanday and I managed to get them a bit steadied near Appersett Bridge, and hearing a "Tally Ho!" on the top of Stagsfell, we galloped them back along the road, and sent them off to the "Halloa," whilst we galloped up the road to Stagsfell Quarry. But when going through Simonstone, I shall never forget asking two women, who were standing in a doorway, if they had seen the fox. "Aye!" said one of them, "he's gone over t' top of Stagsfell, aboon an hour sen; shaff of yer hunds, they're woth nowt."

As soon as we got to the plain on the top of Stagsfell, we met with the hounds, but they could not hunt a yard, and it was only after a great deal of casting that we got a note from a reliable

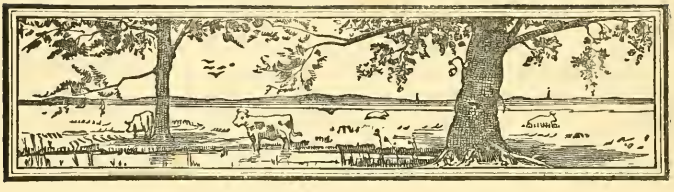
hound, but he was unable to hold the scent, and it was only by dint of great patience, and now and then pricking him on a soft piece of peat turf, that we managed to get a little "forrarder." But no sooner had we got a few notes than both the men and women rushed to the front, and more than once I had to shout, and threaten to take the hounds away if they would not keep back, as it was simply impossible to hunt over the ground which they had "soiled"; and at last we managed to get off the bare ground, and cross Sargill Beck, pointing for Swaledale.

The pace was still terribly slow, but what with a little more cover, and soft peat hags, in which we got his pad—and, I always think, considerably aided by good luck—we hit off his line; and suddenly, when nearing the edge of the moor, on the Swaledale side, a favourite old bitch ("Blossom") fairly screamed as she flew up a hag, and at once convinced me that he had been laid, and had only just stolen away. I immediately gave a loud "Tally Ho!" and shouted "now, all you that can run, do."

Away to the right the whole pack went in full cry, and we after them, as well as we could; and I should say here that we had left our steeds many miles behind. I, being in pretty good fettle, and knowing the country—also being fortunate in hitting off a good line—after running several miles, met the hounds coming quietly towards me. I noticed them rolling, a sure sign they had killed, and by rubbing the muzzles of one or two leading hounds, I at once found that this was the case. I sat down, and when two or three of the nearest footmen came up I told them the hounds had killed near Oxnip Gill, and the first that got to the spot should have the brush, and a rare merry scamper there was for it.

There was also another circumstance I well remember; on Squire Tomlinson coming up and enquiring if they had killed, and on my answering in the affirmative, he said, "Eh! I am glad, just for the sake of what the two women said."

Time from unkennelling to the time I met the hounds was nearly five hours; but four-and-a half hours was most painfully slow.



CHAPTER IV.

First Meet of the Season; and Hare Hunting Fifty Years Ago.

FORMERLY, and for fully forty years, our first meet was for cubs, on West Witton feast day, the 24th of August, at Penhill. Three or four young men from the village used to go an hour before day break, and light a couple of fires in the crags, one near the hole on the top of the ridge, the other lower down near the entrance to a hole called Rantry Yard.

The hounds threw off about six o'clock, and mostly found foxes laid out on the moor, not far away from the crags; sometimes in Hodge holes —a rocky place with lots of large boulders, where we always could either bolt them with terriers,

or work them out. This is immediately north of Penhill Crags, on the top of Melmerby Moor, overlooking Coverdale.

On one of the last occasions, I remember our killing two very large foxes, and singular to relate, one was killed by "Ranter," and the other single handed by "Miner." The latter had got a long lead of the pack. These hounds were brothers out of the same litter. The second fox gave a good run of an hour-and-a-half.

Penhill is a very strong place, there are two holes that we could never bolt foxes out of, and I recollect our losing two terriers in one of them. Mr. Clarkson, The Chantry, told me that Penhill had not been without a litter of cubs for forty years—bar one year—and he was very much annoyed the year they were missing, and so, it would appear, were some of the village sports, as, shortly afterwards, the heather was set on fire, and a big patch of grouse moor burnt. This, I thought, was too bad, but looking at it in a sporting light, it might be considered tit for tat. The remedy, however, would seem to have been

effectual, as I believe there have been cubs there every year since.

In the afternoon there were a couple of hound trails round the village, mingling with other sports.

At the present day that meet has been quite abandoned. Mr. Scrope, of Danby Hall, now hunts Penhill.

A Few Curious Incidents.

I have in my dining room at Thornton Rust a very large stuffed otter, which weighed twenty-eight pounds; the biggest greyhound fox with the longest brush I ever saw. Also a white hare, the only specimen I have ever seen. It is not a Scotch or Irish blue hare, but a freak of nature in the common brown hare. These were all killed by the Wensleydale hounds. There is also the skull of an otter which was smashed by a hound called "Cloudy" below Redmire Fors, the only

hound I ever saw kill an otter single handed. He waited his opportunity when the pack were worrying, and then grabbed the whole head in his mouth, and smashed the skull with his fangs (otters have small flat heads). The white hare was killed in Bolton West Gill, after a good run. Mr. Chapman saved her and sent her by his huntsman to the late Lady Bolton, thinking she might like to have her to stuff, as he heard that the keepers had been trying to find her for some time. Her Ladyship returned the hare with thanks, saying she considered Mr. Chapman most entitled to her.

I also remember two foxes dying from fright when hanging up in a sack in my saddle room, through hearing the hounds in kennel, which was about one hundred yards distant.

Hare Hunting Fifty Years Ago.

A favourite meet used to be Grange Gill, and the Master often begged us a holiday from Yore

Bridge School, when passing on his way to the meet. Oh! how delighted we were, and many and many a time do I remember two or three of us when fairly run to a standstill, and as hungry as "hunters," calling at several farmhouses in Abbotside to beg bread and cheese; and how good it was.

There was a very tough stout hare there that jumped all the stone walls in the district; and there were at that time several lurchers kept at Bainbridge for poaching hares at night. They none of them could catch her, and I think they called her the witch, but at last the Wensleydale hounds pulled her down after a long run of six or seven miles. This hare was always thought to have been in a gate net, and to have got out again. If once in a net they can scarcely be induced to take a gateway or smeuse again. I often, in the autumn, used to run them into nets with a sharp terrier or two all round the village of Thornton Rust, and they were rarely caught by poachers after having been netted and turned loose again. It was a terrible business getting

them out of the nets alive. They squealed, plunged, and scratched so badly.

Apropos of the above, I recollect hearing of the following anecdote :—

Squire Pratt, when out hunting in 1776, with some of his party, felt hungry, and called at a little farmhouse in Abbotside for something to eat. The good dame of the house told them it was baking day, and she only had some haver cakes and blue milk cheese. Mr. Pratt asked her to bring it out, when they found the cheese so good that the Squire bought the remainder, and another like it to take home. After dinner in the evening the cheese was produced and pronounced tough and uneatable. "Ah!" said the Squire, "we've lost our hunting appetites."

Thornton Scar was a favourite meet for questing up to hares. Hounds mostly took a quest in the meadows and pastures adjoining the road, and by degrees, at quite a slow walking pace, but with no end of patience, and lots of music, the hounds invariably worked it out until found on the moor.

Generally, a hare found here afforded a good run. The first burst was mostly down to the bottom of the valley. This she repeated two or three times, and occasionally swam the river; took a turn as far as Nappa or Woodhall Scar, recrossed the river again, and was frequently killed in Thornton Scar.

Another Good Run in the Early Fifties.

This occurred after a heavy snow, and a long continuous frost of two months.

A fox was turned down at Hardraw. He ran down the river side to near Camshouses, when he crossed; up past Borwins, on to the ridge above Semerdale, turned to the right to above Countersett, and again to the right; crossed over the Crag, down nearly to Burtersett; here swinging to the left, pointed for Widdale. Turning

right handed he crossed Appersett Beck, up Cotterdale, over Fossdale Moor, and was killed behind Stagsfell.

A very curious circumstance happened when Mr. Chapman, galloping through the toll bar at Appersett, he asked the gatekeeper if she had seen him.

"Aye!" she said, "he's just gone ower t' bridge, as hard as he can leg it, wi' his coat an' waistcoat off, an' his shirt sleeves doubled up to his elbows." She thought they were after a madman, who really was that keen old sportsman, Ackroyd Palliser Costobadie. Too cruel!

For quite a fortnight before this, Mr. Chapman exercised the fox daily, with two long chains attached, in the snow, in the garth behind the house.

This run lasted over four hours. Alas! I fear there is not now any living witness left.

CHAPTER V.

List of Hounds kept in Wensleydale from 1775 to 1907; Cost of Hounds when Trencher Fed and when Kennelled.

IT may be of interest to my readers to have for reference a list as set forth below of the different Masters and packs of hounds for, approximately, the last hundred and thirty years. Also some old correspondence relating to the hunt.

List of Hounds and Masters.

Askrigg Harriers	... ...	Squire Pratt, 1775
Hawes Harriers ...	... ...	——— 1812.
Bishopdale Hounds	... ...	Mr. Ralph Lodge, 1812
Askrigg Harriers	... ...	Mr. Alderson, 1810–30
Thoralby and Burton Harriers (also hunted fox)	... ...	A Committee, 1810–32

VIEW OVERLOOKING ASKRIGG, WENSLEYDALE.

Wensleydale Hounds	J. Chapman, 1833
	Huntsman, Jammie Holmes.
	F. Chapman, 1874–82
	Huntsman, J. Percival, alias Loftus.
	W. H. Tomlinson, 1882–1907
	Huntsman, W. Percival, nephew of above J. Percival.
Danby Harriers	Simon Scrope, 1805–1829
Middleham Harriers	Chris. Topham, 1829–32
Bolton Hall Harriers	Lord Bolton, 1851–63
Middleham Harriers	Mr. Bruere, 1863–73
Finghall Harriers	Mr. Fitz-Ray, 1875–88
Danby Foxhounds	S. C. Scrope, 1906
Woodhall Beagles	Mr. Jim Wood, 1832
Hawes Beagles, Subscription pack	J. W. Fryer, 1884–89

The Wensleydale Hounds have an unbroken record of over seventy years.

Old Letters and Correspondence Relating to Wensleydale, etc.

The following is a copy of an old hunting card which I have in my possession :—

The Thoralby and West Burton Harriers

WILL MEET ON

Monday, Nov. 3rd . .	at	Carperby, to hunt bag fox.
Thursday, Dec. 3rd . .	at	Newbiggin.
Saturday, Dec. 5th . .	at	Walden Foot.

1827

Also copies of the following letters to Mr. Willis, when Master of Thoralby Harriers :—

Monday evening.

The hounds will meet in the morning on the high side of Bolton Gill. Should you have come from Cleasby, I hope you will be able to go. Will call on you at half-past seven.

In the meantime,
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) R. LODGE.

To J. Willis, Esq.,
Warnford.

Askrigg,
Nov. 20th, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—

Prior to my receiving yours, I had fixed with Mr. Ottiwell Wood to meet him to-morrow at Woodhall, where I shall be glad to see you if you can make it convenient. We shall be there at 8 o'clock precisely, and I believe the Hawes Hounds will meet us. On Monday we will do ourselves the pleasure of breakfasting with you at Thoralby, and shall be glad afterwards to meet with either fox or hare. The Scarlets beg their compts. to the Blues.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JOHN LODGE.

To J. Willis, Esq.,
Warnford.

In those days Askrigg hunted in scarlet, Thoralby in blue.

Askrigg,
Oct. 26th, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—

I shall be glad to see you and the rest of the gentlemen of your Hunt in Newbiggin pastures on Thursday morning next, at 9 o'clock precisely, should that morning be favourable for hunting.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
(Signed) JOHN LODGE.

To J. Willis, Esq.,
Warnford.

Nappa,
February 20th, 1813.

SIR,—

We propose turning down a fox near Askrigg to-morrow morning, ten o'clock, at which time we shall be glad to see you and your hounds, and as many of your neighbours as can make it convenient.

I am, Sir,
Yours respectfully,
GEO. WINN.

Jas. Willis, Esq.

Thornton Rust,
Dec. 26th, 1820.

DEAR SIR,—

I received your note by the man of whom we bought the fox, I perfectly agree with you in thinking we had better hunt them both to-morrow, provided the first makes a short run, that is, only four or five miles, at all events we can hunt him another day. I have not given the man anything for him, if you will pay him for the fox, I will settle with you to-morrow.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

(Signed) JNO. CHAPMAN.

J. Willis, Esq.

COST OF HUNT.

I FIND from my old Hunt Book that the cost of hunting for eight years from 1863 to 1870 inclusive, was £153 6s. 6d., the hounds were then a trencher fed pack—this is an average of just under £19 a year. There are included in these figures two items of £8 and £3 for sheep

worrying. These I think, should be considered as extras.

The Members of the Hunt at that time were :—

John Chapman, Thornton Rust, Master.
H. T. Robinson, The Cliff, Leyburn.
Chris. Other, Elm House.
John Clarkson, The Chantry, West Witton.
Wm. Purchas, Flanders Hall.
W. H. Tomlinson, Aysgarth.

I find that for the two years 1880 and 1881, the cost was £80 4s. 2d., or an average cost of £40 2s. 1d. per annum. The hounds were then kept in kennel at Thornton Rust. During this period was included one item of £8 for a tombstone to the late Huntsman, J. Percival.

It will be noticed what a wide difference there is in cost of maintaining the hunt between a trencher fed, and a kennelled pack. In the former case, the only costs were licenses for hounds, and huntsmen's wages, the latter was 3/6 per day, for hunting days only. When kept in kennel there was the cost of meal to boil with horse flesh, dog biscuits and tallow crap, as well as an extra 3/6

per week for feeding and cleaning kennels through the summer months.

Before proceeding farther let me add that, with reference to the name of the late huntsman, J. Percival, a better, truer and keener all-round sportsman never lived. He was my factotum, not only in hunting, but also when salmon fishing and grouse shooting. His name was well known on Bowes Moor. He never knew when he was tired. Many a time have I asked him, when heavily laden with grouse to leave them to pick up later, but he invariably replied, "You go on killing, the more we get, the better I can carry them." The only time I ever recollect his giving in was on the 12th August, 1872, when I killed eighty-five brace of grouse on Bowes Moor, point shooting, over my black setter dog, "Dash." Alas ! poor man, he was found dying in the river below Aysgarth Fors, he had been fishing, and actually had a live trout on his line when found. So it may, indeed, be truly said that he died in harness. The cause of death was apoplexy. His nephew, W. Percival is now Squire Tomlinson's huntsman.

The following is a list of Members of the Wensleydale Hunt for 1882 :—

F. Chapman (Master), Thornton Rust.
H. T. Robinson, The Cliff.
Wm. Purchas, Flanders Hall.
Chris. Other, Elm House.
W. H. Tomlinson (present Master) Aysgarth.
Robert Lodge, The Rookery.
J. Chapman, West Bolton.
J. C. Winn, West Burton.
C. J. Burrill, Cotescue Park.
G. H. Sanday, Wensley.
W. E. M. Winn, Askrigg.
J. W. Lodge, The Rookery.

I find from the huntsman's accounts that hounds were out—

In 1864	...	...	62 days
In 1865	...	...	53 days
In 1866	...	...	55 days
In 1867	...	...	62 days
In 1868	...	...	60 days
In 1869	...	...	56 days

Also that, in one season, we killed over eighty hares, and five-and-a-half brace of foxes. It was, I think, about 1873, we killed in one day twelve hares at West Bolton; but more than half of them were either chopped or mobbed in Mr. King's plantation. Hares were far too numerous and hounds much too fast. It was somewhere about the same year that we had a joint meet at Stainton with Mr. Bruere's harriers. I well recollect their running a hare up Boston Moor and killing her behind Grey Greet. Before going out to the top of the moor they looked like two separate packs, so far were Mr. Bruere's tailed off.

Extracts from Diaries of the late Christopher Topham's Hounds at Middleham, 1829–1832.

"Feb. 22nd, 1831.—The Middleham and Burton harriers met at Bellerby; ran down to Bedale; afterwards they set down two foxes.

April 1st, 1831.—Old Willis called and dined with us. They had been hunting at Witton Fell, and killed two foxes.

Oct. 21st.—Rode up to Thornton Rust; next day went with Mr. Chapman on to Thornton Moor. He killed a moor game (grouse) and a jack snipe, I killed a brace of snipe.

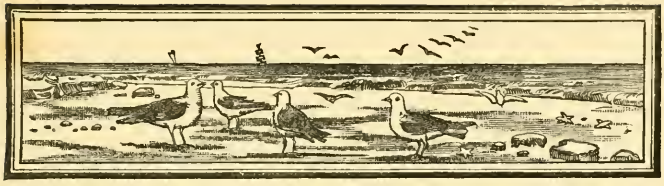
25th.—Went on to Thornton Scar, saw them run and kill a hare. Richard Winn rode down with us to Middleham, Jim Wood, Jim Wray, Chapman and Major Straubenzie dined with us, when Major Straubenzie got us on playing ving-et-un. I lost nine shillings.

Nov. 23rd, 1835.—Started for London (coach); outside to Tanfield, when it turned out a beastly wet day; inside to York, when it came out as fine as previously wet, dined and finished a bottle of port between us. Went outside at four by the "High Flyer." Very warm the whole of the night, but not at all comfortable, being unable, from the awk-

wardness of the seat to get any sleep. Had some whisky and soda water at Doncaster. Never was out on a more beautiful night.

24th.—Slept a good deal and William still longer. He had a slight skirmish with the guard, but afterwards got friends again. Very cold about five o'clock and continued so until eight. Breakfasted well, got up in front of coach. Had a pleasant ride to London. Lost my mackintosh coat at the "Bull and Mouth." Uncommon nice chamber, though the laundress coming through my room is a nuisance. Dined with Dick Hutton and Gorst. Capital port and pleasant evening. Played at ving-et-un."

How different from the present day style of travelling with Scotch expresses and motor cars. Even in my days, long after the date of these extracts, I had to drive eleven miles to catch the six a.m. train to reach London the same day. What hardships the modern-day traveller would consider this, I wonder indeed !



CHAPTER VI.

Plucky Huntsmen, and Hound Trail; with Song: "The Pride of the Pack."

TWO or three instances of pluck displayed by our huntsmen, which I well remember, may be of interest to my readers.

The first was when the Bedale hounds (under the Mastership of the late Duke of Leeds) ran a fox to ground on Leyburn Moor. My father was there, and seeing his foot-huntsman looking at the hole, he asked him if he thought the fox could be got out. "Yes," he replied, "I think if I take off my coat I can reach him by giving him my hand, and then draw him." The Duke was just moving off when my father rode up to him and

said, "If your Grace will wait a few minutes, my huntsman says he can get him out."

Jammie Holmes at once doffed his coat, turned his shirt sleeve up, and plunging his arm into the hole, drew out the fox, but not before Reynard had got a fang through one of Jammie's fingers. Several of the ladies who were there, on seeing the blood on his hand, uttered exclamations of pity for the poor huntsman. My father at once seized the opportunity of having a "cap" for him, and in a very few minutes several pounds were subscribed. Jammie being a thirsty man, soon made tracks for the nearest public house, where, after the usual lubricating process, he sang several hunting songs, and remarked, "I wouldn't mind how often I was bitten at that price."

On another occasion, I recollect, we ran a fox to ground at Woodhall, in a very long drain, and when the terrier had driven him to the far end, we had great difficulty in getting at him, but Jammie again came to our aid, saying "I think I can touch him," and by giving the fox his finger, as before described, drew him out. An old

gentleman being close at hand, seeing the blood, at once exclaimed, "Oh! Jammie, wait a minute till I get a little rum or brandy to put on it." So he did, to Jammie's delight, for after bathing the wound, he caused great laughter by saying, "I think I'll try a drop inside, as well."

I also remember Jammie's successor, J. Percival (Loftus), giving his finger and drawing a fox. The fang went right through his middle finger, and we had to force a stick into the fox's mouth before we could get it free. In neither of the above instances did they inflame or cause much trouble. How different to the present day, when everybody seems so frightened of blood poisoning.

Hound Trails.

It used to be the custom to have hound trails at the various village feasts held at Redmire, Carperby, Aysgarth, Thoralby, West Burton, and

West Witton, and at most of these there used to be a hunt in the morning, and a hound trail with other sports in the afternoon, and at the present time, Squire Tomlinson, who is Master, has one every year at Aysgarth feast. Formerly, these trails used to afford no end of pleasure to the trainers, huntsmen and people who walked the hounds. About fifty years ago there was a match with one of our hounds and a noted trail hound from Middleton-in-Teesdale, and I really think there was more excitement over this than the thousand guineas match between Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur. Here is a song with an account of the match. It has a nice swinging air and chorus, and was most popular at our hunt meetings, and little concerts in the Dale.

The Pride of the Pack.

I'll sing you a song of a capital race,
A wonderful hound trail that lately took place:
Brave "Spanker," from Teesdale, was matched for five pounds,
With "Butcher," the pride of the Wensleydale hounds,

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

Said the sporting young fellows on Carperby side,
We'll run him a race that will bring down his pride;
By the clear running Tees is a far swifter hound;
Brave "Spanker" we'll match all the North Country round.

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

This challenge, so fearless, roused Tomlinson's ire,
The sportsmen of Wensleydale rose like a fire:
We'll back him, they said, as we've backed him before,
Bold "Butcher," that hunts by the bonny bright Yore.

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

Kit Routh, Squire Chapman, with Fryer and Parke,
Besides many others came up to the mark,
Tom Handcock, the trainer, took "Butcher" in hand—
There ne'er was a trainer like Tom in the land.

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

The grey mountains basked in the sun's rosy beam,
The gentle breeze sighed over wild wood and stream,
No jollier day for a hound trail or race,
When Stagsfell beheld them both start on the race.

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

Then loud was the shout on each mountain and height—
Ho! "Butcher;" Ho! "Spanker;" as each came in sight;
Grim Whitfell re-echoed the sound of their call,
With Hawbank, Nab End, and Ellerkin tall.

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

Ten miles did they run, right to Marlyha top—
Ten miles did they run without waver or stop;
Tally ho! shouted Lobly, I see only one,
'Tis "Spanker," brave "Spanker," as sure as a gun.

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

Then shouting and cheering rose lustier still,
When "Butcher" lept up o'er the brow of the hill,
Right ahead the brave hound passed the post like a dart,
And their cheers died in silence and sorrow of heart.

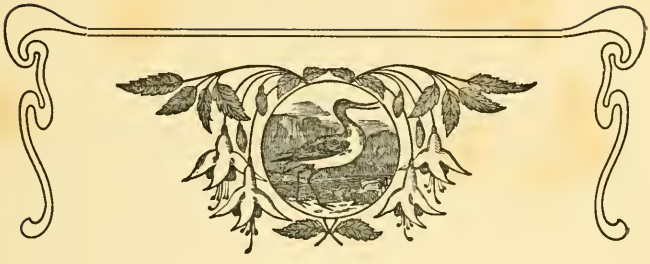
Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

Then here's to brave "Butcher," to Handcock and Fryer,
To Tomlinson, Parke and the jolly old Squire;
Hurrah! jolly fellows, to Teesdale go back,
You've nought like the pride of the Wensleydale pack.

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Hark away, my brave hounds. Tally ho!

BOLTON CASTLE.

Photo. by Smithson, Leyburn.



CHAPTER VII.

A Mouse Story; and John of Cautley.

A FRIEND asks me to add to my bunch of anecdotes what he pleases to call my mouse story. This is rather a digression from my reminiscences of hounds, but as it was told me by a grand old gentleman who was a loyal member of the Wensleydale hounds; and occurred in the adjoining valley of Coverdale, possibly I may be pardoned for adding it.

It was on the 12th of August when Mr. Robinson accompanied by Mr. John Booth, of

Killerby (father of the late John Booth who was master of the Bedale hounds), were out grouse shooting on Woodale Moor. Whilst having luncheon on the top of the moor, near a spring of water, Mr. Robinson grabbed a little moor mouse, which he squeezed to death, and then said to Mr. Booth "I'll bet you five shillings I make Matt swallow this."

"What," replied Mr. Booth; "raw, as it is?"

"Yes!" said Mr. Robinson.

The bet was accepted. Mr. Robinson then rolled the mouse up in a piece of luncheon paper, and put it into his pocket. In the evening, on approaching the village inn, where they usually stayed over night, they found Matt just outside awaiting their return. Matt was a thirsty man, noted for having a wide throat. He saluted the sportsmen with his usual—

"Good evening, gentlemen! I hope you have had good sport."

"Thanks, Matt," replied Mr. Robinson, "pretty fair;" and then added, "I have just made a bet

with Mr. Booth for half-a-crown, that you can swallow a quart of ale without taking the jug from your lips. If you can do this, I will give you the half-crown, as well as the ale."

"That's just what I should like," said Matt. "You can consider your bet won."

Mr. Robinson ordered the landlord to draw a quart of ale, put it into a brown jug, and froth it up well. He then turned to Mr. Booth, to let him see the mouse put into it, and then handed it to Matt, remarking: "Now, Matt, don't forget, you have to finish it before you take it from your mouth."

He did so; and when Mr. Booth asked if he had tasted anything wrong, Matt said, "Nay! I didn't 'xactly taste ow't wrong, but I thow't ther' was a bit ov a *hop* in 't."

I have heard Mr. Robinson tell this several times, and he always said it was true. Possibly it might be, for I myself have seen a navvy swallow—or rather pour down—a quart of ale

without even removing the jug from his mouth. So it would really appear there is no accounting for wide throats and big swallows.

Here are two amusing stories of a noted farmer in a small way, called John of Cautley.

One day, a tramp kind of man called at his house to beg, saying he had no money, and that he was hungry.

John, eyeing him over, asked, "How is it thou hasn't anything? Thou looks young and strong enough to work."

The man explained that he was walking to Lancaster in search of a job he had heard of.

John, in his good nature, thereupon called to his wife, "Mary, bring this man a loaf of bread, he says he is varra hungry." Mary did as she was bid, and the tramp departed, evidently very thankful. Just after leaving the house, he was seen to throw the loaf over the bridge into a stream running below. John saw this, and at

once went after the man, and soon overtook him.

"Why hast thou thrown it away?" demanded John, angrily; "It's what our Mary baked for us, and it ought to be good enough for thee. I'll mak thee gang doon and fetch it oot."

This the man did, very demurely.

"Now," said John, "sit doon and eat it."

After the tramp had consumed about half of the loaf, he said he could not eat any more.

"Yes, thou can," replied John, determinedly, "thou may bokken and bokken as thou likes, but I'll mak thee stump it."

And "stump" it he did.

After he had finished it, John dismissed him with a sample of his shoemaker's ability on the part which his coat tail covered. Proper treatment for such vagabonds!

John at one time was breaking in a two-year-old colt, locally called a stag. After he had got

it fairly quiet, and had mounted it, he called out to his good wife Mary, to go and put on her red domino, and stand in the doorway of the cow-house, and when he was riding past, loup out and cry boh! This she did. The stag jumped sideways, nearly across the yard, John was thrown nearly over head into a cow midden, and on getting out, said, "Oh! Mary, Mary, that was ower big a boh! It was big enough for our auld meare."

John was a big, powerful, rough diamond, but withal a very funny man. I knew him well when I was at School at Sedbergh, and I have to thank him for many pleasant hours he gave me by permitting me to trout fish in the water running through his farm.

MR. ACKROYD PALLISER COSTOBADIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Otter Hunting.

MY father once bought in Bradford, a very fine, big, rough-haired hound called "Hector." I always thought he had a lot of otter hound blood in him; he was a good all-round hound. The pack worried him near Middleham when returning from otter hunting.

I have a stuffed otter now at Thornton House which was taken alive after a good four hours' hunt in Beals Dub, carried in a sack to Palmer Flatt, and put into a large disused brewing tub; but previous to this, when near Swinithwaite, he had eaten his way out of the sack in which he was being carried, but was recaptured and held until another sack was procured.

Next day he was turned down in Burton Beck, and killed after another two hours' hunt by, principally, young hounds.

I was not present the first day, but I have often heard my father speak of it. After something over three hours' hunt, and when the otter was getting nearly done, my father tailed him. Being in rather deep water, Ackroyd Costobadie, a keen old sportsman, rushed in and said, "Let me have hold of him, Mr. Chapman, I am taller than you." He did; when Ackroyd promptly tumbled over head. The otter, getting free again, gave them another three quarters of an hour's sport before Mr. Chapman again tailed him, and stuck to him until they got a sack to put him in. He is the largest dog otter I ever saw, and weighed twenty-eight pounds when dry, many hours after the kill.

Mr. Ackroyd Palliser Costobadie, formerly an officer in the East India Company's service, was a keen all-round sportsman, and an intimate friend of the author's. They have enjoyed many happy days together with both hounds, gun and

rod, and many a heavy basket of trout have they accounted for with stone fly in Walden Beck.

He was constantly out with the Wensleydale hounds, and only a few weeks before his death was out otter hunting. He died at Thornton Rust in his eighty-eighth year. Mr. Costobadie was of French extraction, his fore-bears having come from Clermont Ferrand in the province of Auvergne. The first to settle in this country appears to have been Jean de Costobadie. After becoming a convert to the reformed religion, he fled to England and settled in York. His estate was confiscated, but he seems to have saved something from the wreck, for he purchased property in Yorkshire, and his descendants have been connected with the county and Wensleydale ever since. Jean's son Jacob was a Proctor in the Ecclesiastical Court at York. The proctor's son became Rector of Wensley, and his son (Mr. Ackroyd's father) succeeded him also as Rector.

Another incident on otter hunting I remember. I do not quite know the year, but it was in the fifties, and on Carperby feast day.

Old Tom Jackson, of West Witton, was very keen on otter hunting. He used to walk down to the river two or three times every week in the summer to see whether an otter had passed. There was a bed of sand at Beals Dub which an otter never passed without calling at. Whenever one had passed up or down, he used to send a message up to Thornton by the mail cart which then ran through the Dale.

Next morning my father would leave early with what hounds he could gather together. Tom also started off early the same morning, and they invariably met somewhere between Aysgarth and Redmire Falls.

In my very earliest days, my father used to carry an otter spear, and so did old Tom.

Well, on the occasion alluded to, they had not quite met; but Tom, hearing, and seeing the hounds in full cry below Froddle Dub, got into the middle of the stream at the head of Flesh

Dub. As the otter was passing him, he took the liberty of putting his spear into the otter's flank. The otter at once retaliated by seizing Tom by the leg, in which he made his teeth meet, and took a piece clean out of his trousers as big as a five shilling piece. Tom, hallooing as loud as he could, "Be quick; be quick! he's worrying me," stuck to the otter; and the otter stuck to Tom, until the hounds came up, when Mr. Otter quickly let go and was soon dispatched. This proved to be a very large dog otter. For a long time afterwards, Tom was proud of showing his leg, as well as his trousers.

The longest otter hunt I ever witnessed was with the late Mr. Gallon's hounds.

We bolted an otter on the Batts Island, below Cover Bridge. He took straight up stream, over the Dam stakes, into the deep pool above Ulshaw Bridge, and there he defied us for nine hours.

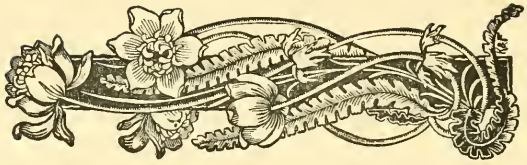
There were a great number of strong roots at very short distances apart. The otter kept moving backwards and forwards from one to another the whole of the time, and we really were no nearer a kill at the end than when we started. I was so stiff with wading, and the hounds so done up with swimming, that, with the greatest difficulty, I persuaded Mr. Gallon to call hounds off. We walked across to Cover Bridge Inn, put the hounds up in a very thick bed of straw, had two fires lighted on the Dam stakes to prevent the otter going down stream, and went to bed about eight o'clock, well tired.

We started next morning at five o'clock, up stream. Never had a chirp of music until opposite the west end of Middleham, where a boat used to be kept.

A short distance above Middleham Bridge the hounds marked at a long drain. Mr. Gallon's two terriers bolted an otter into a sack which was held over the mouth of the drain. He was carried over the fields and turned into a small pool below Wensley Bridge, where he, unfortunately, got

into shallow water, and the hounds chopped him. I heard many people present remark, "Oh! what murder." I wonder what any one of them would have done in the position of Master of otter hounds, which had such a stiff nine hours only the day before. Surely the hounds deserved blood. These growlers had not been out the first day, so were evidently disappointed with so short a hunt—"Blithering donkeys," I style them. Had the otter gone down stream instead of up, he might have gone into Dyehouse Dub, a long and strong pool, and given another long hunt. But accidents will happen even in the best regulated packs of otter hounds.

Mr. Gallon was a most game man, and a few years later was unfortunately drowned when otter hunting. Mr. Tom Burrill and I were on the point of starting to join him when we saw an account of his death, in a newspaper at Wimbledon.



CHAPTER IX.

Shooting of the Hound "Cloudy"; and a Deer Hunt.

"SKIDDY," a keen old sport, who still toddles after the Wensleydale hounds, gives the following account of a good run with a hare found in Bell's pasture, west of Grange Gill.

She ran down to Cams houses, up Cam pasture, past Litherskew, and away up the moor to behind Stagsfell. After a long wait, the hounds were seen coming down again, pretty nearly over the same ground; past Cams house, down to Yore Bridge. The hare then ran two or three times backwards and forwards to Cams house, and was, after a long check, found squatted in a hedge bottom near Yore Bridge, put off,

viewed, and killed in Grange beck. This may possibly have been the hare I have described as the witch, for the run must have been quite seven or eight miles.

The following little anecdote may be amusing to Dalesmen.

There were two old Dale farmers, brothers, John and Anthony. Anthony was a bit of a romancer. Many years ago, at the Masham Great Lamb Fair, in the parlour of an hotel where the farmers were assembled, telling great accounts of their excellent sheep dogs, Anthony chimed in with "Youv' neane of you a dog like mine. He cleans t' pig hull out for me, an' often brings t' cows' milk home in t' milk can without spilling a drop."

"Oh! Anthony," cried John, "if thou wilt tell lees, prithee tell likely lees."

"Nay, nay!" retorted Anthony, "it's them likely lees that do harm, mine will hurt naebody."

Two more incidents may be interesting. The first occurred in March, 1833. The hounds ran a fox from Wensleydale over the moors, through Bishopdale into Wharfdale, where the hound "Cloudy" was leading the pack. When passing the late Sir John Ramsden's deer park, near Buckden, he was deliberately shot by the keeper. Mr. Chapman at once went and enquired why he had done this.

"Master's orders," was his reply.

"Oh! well, if that is so, I can't blame you for carrying out your master's orders," remarked Mr. Chapman.

Sir John was close at hand, when a member of the hunt galloping up, at once cried out "Give me your keeper's gun, you take yours, and we'll soon settle this dastardly act."

"No, No!" intervened Mr. Chapman, "keep your temper, I'll make him suffer in another way."

So he did. The case was brought up and Sir John had to pay £50 and costs. The event was celebrated shortly after, by a dinner to the members of the hunt, at Palmer Flatt, and after dinner, the late Mr. George Winn, of Askrigg, sang the song "Cloudy" which he composed.

The second took place, I think, in the sixties, when the Rev. Mr. Wray rented the shooting of Thoresby. The hounds were out otter hunting when his keeper Sharp shot a hound near Redmire Fors. Fortunately sufficient evidence was forthcoming to carry a conviction, and he was made to pay £20 for it.

Another, the most cruel incident I remember was when we found a hound ham-strung, and unfortunately, in this case, we could not obtain quite

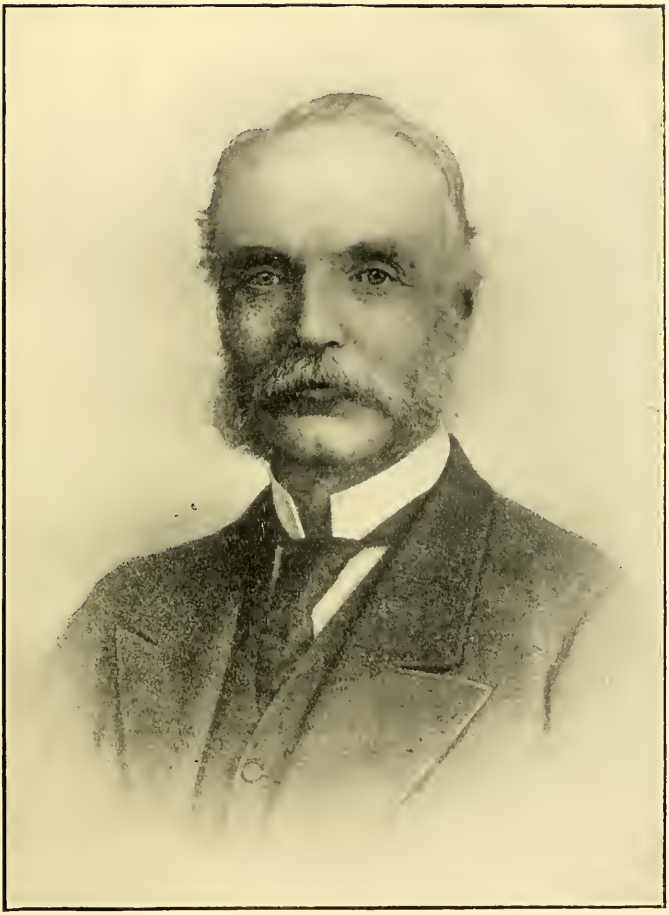
enough proof of the dastardly scoundrel's guilt to enable us to get a conviction. This was a most promising young hound called "Romper," kept by Tom Handcock, of Carperby.

Lord Bolton's Deer Hunt.

On one occasion, when foxes were scarce in the Bedale country, Lord Bolton, by request of old Mr. Milbank, on the day following Catterick Races, which was the last meet of the season of the Bedale hounds, enlarged a stag on the race-course, which gave them a very good and fast gallop.

On another occasion, he uncarted one below Leyburn. For this, Lord Bolton borrowed two couples of the Wensleydale hounds to lead his own.

The deer took straight west under Leyburn Shawl, Preston Scar, Scarth Nick, under Redmire Scar, nearly to Bolton East Gill, he then swung down left handed, crossed Bolton Gill above Redmire, down to and through Thoresby, below



THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD BOLTON

Carperby, through Bear Park, where he swam the river, up Catscar, behind Aysgarth, up Thoralby Hau, and west to Thornton Moor. He turned left handed over Gayling, Heckbræ, down into Bishopdale, and was taken in a small house, a little west of the Rookery where Mr. Ralph Lodge then lived. I recollect it perfectly. Lady Bolton was out, and she asked me to steer her over the moor to Bishopdale. I was riding my father's black horse, "The Mole."

Just before the stag was taken near Scar top, Isaac Metcalfe (alias Ike Mouldy) got his arms round the animal's neck. The deer still having a kick left in him, bounded over the fence, causing Ike to release his hold, and fall down the Scar. Ike was the son of old "Mouldy Tom," a noted mole catcher of Thoralby, hence, I presume, his nick name, "Mouldy," as his traps were always set near hillocks of mould made by moles.

As the hounds ran they must have covered fifteen or sixteen miles. I also remember that shortly afterwards we had an outbreak of sheep worrying.

I believe these hounds had several good runs with deer, after the deer park at Capplebank had been broken up. They were fallow deer, and I know that my father always blamed deer hunting for making hounds take to sheep.

Hare Hunting. A Good Quest and Run.

In this run, the hounds took the quest west of Cubeck, hunted it carefully, slowly, and most melodiously up to Worton Edges, found near the top of Mr. King's allotment, ran her smartly down past Cubeck, through the Noble, over the road, up the river side as far as Brush pasture. Here she swung left-handed, up and past Brough Hill, through the Scar, up Scar top allotment where again she turned right-handed, but here the hounds were at fault.

After fully half-an-hour's perseverance, they worked the line out to the edge of the heather, where she had squatted. She then took straight west

up the Green Lane, past Carpley Green, turned to the left into and through Lingy Close, over Adelborough, along under the rocks, and, oh! what a lovely cry the hounds made. Then down past the east end of Worton peat mire, through Mr. King's east allotment, and down to Holly Gill, where she again squatted; but the hounds pushed her out of the west end, down over the road close to the river, where she doubled back on to the road, when we pricked her on the road to the east end of the Noble. The hounds then hit her off, hunted her up to the Scar and killed her.

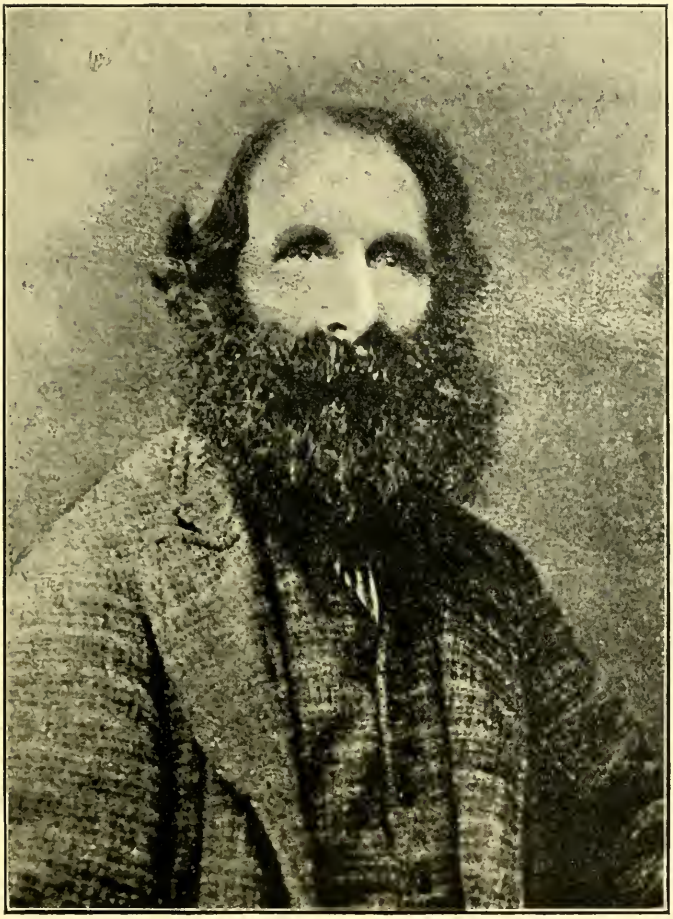
Mr. Chapman was most keen on questing and pricking hares, and trying to make good road hounds. Three points, which are too slow, I fear, for present day Nimrods.

CHAPTER X.

AULD JACK—HIS DINING AT SIMPSON'S IN THE STRAND, WHEN HE MISTOOK THE WAITERS FOR PARSONS; HIS DINNER WITH A 'SUFFOLKSHIRE' MAN; AND HIS BEWILDERMENT AT THE ALHAMBRA.

HAVING wandered so far from hunting, I cannot resist adding another good story or two under the heading of "Auld Jack," who, in his day, took a lot of beating. He was, indeed, a noted character, not only as a killer of grouse, but he was also well known at several Wimbledon Rifle Meetings.

Jack was a most wonderful hand at netting and snaring grouse, as well as shackle netting for trout. He used to rent small plots of moorland adjoining good grouse moors, principally on high



J. COCKBURN (Alias Auld Jack).

ground, where grouse, early in the season, and up to the early part of October, go daily to feed, dust, and sand, In 1872, he killed, by snares alone, over 4,000 brace of grouse. This, I fear, many of my readers may doubt. How I found out the number was this way. One day, about the middle of December, when in his house, I said to him, "You must have killed a tremendous lot of grouse, from what I have heard."

"Aye!" he said, "but they've nobbut made poor prices, some as low as three shillings a brace; and there's a chap in London I can't git ony money from."

"I'm going up to London, next week," I said, "and if you will give me dates, with the entries of what you have sent him, I will try and get your money."

He gave me his book, and after I had noted what he had sent. I took the liberty to hurriedly add up the total bag, and told him that he had killed over 4,000 brace.

"What!" said Jack, in surprise, "you have nivver added them up, hev you?"

"Yes, I have," I answered.

"Now, promise me you'll not tell a soul," he said, "for if ye do, I shall nivver git that ground again."

I did not at the time, divulge, but he never got the ground again.

The year 1872, as is well known, was the record year for grouse. I myself shot 3,017; or 1,508½ brace that season; but I find, from records now before me that Earl de Grey exceeded 3,000 grouse in four different seasons, viz:—

3,025 in 1882.	3,060 in 1888.
3,073 in 1884.	3,081 in 1889.

I asked Jack if he knew how many snares he had set. "I don't quite know," he said, "but our Jack" (meaning his son) "told me we had 14,000 down by the 15th or 16th of August, and that he had been busy for quite ten days before the 12th."

Snares are, or should be, mostly set on nice feeding ground, with young short heather, preferably on high ground, where there are lots of

little peat hags, in which grouse can dust and clean themselves, there are also fewer sheep on that kind of ground. A flock of sheep going over the ground plays havoc with the snares. I should say, from memory, that Jack would have, on his favourite patches, from ten to twelve snares on a space that an ordinary dinner table would cover, so it will readily be seen how difficult it is for a grouse to walk many steps without getting a noose round its neck.

A nephew of his, who is still living, told me that they averaged quite a hundred brace a day all through September. He was engaged for over a month to help Jack and his son carry grouse daily from the moor to the house where they stayed.

Jack agreed to go to London with me on the following terms:—that if I did not get his money, I would pay his railway fare and expenses.

We went, and put up at the Tavistock Hotel. Next morning I called on the game dealer, representing that I had come up from Yorkshire with Jack to get his money. The man, on referring to

his book, at once said, "Quite right, he wants £47 10s.;" and paid over this amount, and on my handing Jack the money, I said "You'll have to stand me dinner for this."

"I will," replied Jack. "I'll stand you t' best dinner you can git in Lundun."

I took him to Simpson's dining rooms in the Strand, and on entering the room I noticed Jack bowed to all the waiters near at hand. I got the menu, and ordered soup for a start, which Jack called "varra good broth." I next asked him what we should have to drink.

"I always tak watter," he replied.

"Water, be hanged!" I responded, "on an occasion like the present, we can have nothing less than champagne."

"Varra weel," said Jack, "I nivver tasted it, but I've oft heard ov 't."

I at once ordered a bottle, and on Jack tasting it, he remarked, "its varra good, summat like geuseberry wine, but better."

Having done full justice to the dinner, I said, "Now Jack, there's the bill to come, what do you think it will be?"

"Mebbie at Palmer Flatt, they would charge half-a-crown," said Jack, thoughtfully; and adding "but I think at Hawes we could git it for twae shillings."

When I told him it amounted to over two pounds, Jack certainly rose to the occasion, and jumped up saying "I'll nivver pay it, can't we hev it taxed?"

"No, Jack, we can't," I said, quietly, "we've had it, and it will have to be paid for."

It was paid, and Jack, as we were leaving the room, looking round, remarked, "I might have been sure there was robbery astir, when I saw all them passon chaps." He evidently mistook the waiters for parsons. Rather rough on the cloth, eh?

I afterwards took him to the Alhambra; there was a very big ballet on, and I think that I never saw a man so surprised in my life, when the girls appeared, some of them out of flower buds.

"Are they wick?" he asked, "see ye! thare's anuther."

"Yes," I replied, "can't you see them walk on to the stage?"

"Aye! I do," replied Jack, "this is t' finest sight I ivver hev seen in all my life."

The following morning he remarked to me "I couldn't get them beautiful lassies out ov my heead. I was dreeamin all night aboot 'em. Every time I wakkened, I could see 'em blossoming out of flowers."

I CANNOT restrain myself from adding another story about Jack. This was at a Wimbledon Rifle Meeting, about 1868–9. He was a fairly good rifle shot, but frightfully nervous, and a terribly bad finisher. If he wanted a bulls eye to win a prize he was nearly certain to miss the target altogether.

The incident I am about to relate occurred during the second week of the Meeting. I had

kept Jack up with me to help carry my extra rifle, ammunition case, telescope, etc. I was firing at a range when Jack sat down close behind me, and very near to a sergeant from a Suffolk corps, with whom he tried to get on friendly terms.

"Hez he a bit?" enquired Jack, pointing to a little short pipe he had stuck in his tunic. Getting no reply, he added, "I lay he doesn't use ony."

I overheard this, and when I had completed my series of shots I said to the Sergeant, "I fear you don't understand what my old Yorkshireman said. He wanted to beg a pipe of tobacco."

"Oh! did he?" said the Sergeant. "Here, my good man," at the same time producing a big pouch, "help yourself; and put some in your own pouch as well."

I left them together whilst I shot for another prize, at a target not far away, and on my return, Jack met me, remarking, "He's a varra nice man; he's a *Suffolkshire* man, an' he's asked me to dinner. What d'ye say?"

"Go, by all means," I replied; "after you have left my things at Westly Richard's tent."

Soon afterwards I saw them enter the Pavilion together, and when they were seated, I, being curious, took a seat immediately behind Jack, and overheard their conversation, which commenced by the "Suffolkshire" Sergeant asking Jack what he would have, adding, "I'm going to have a plate of beef, with peas and potatoes, and a quart of stout."

"I'll hev t' same," answered Jack.

After it was finished, Jack's host said, "I'm going to have another lot, the same as last. Wont you have the same?"

Jack looked somewhat surprised at his saying that he would have another plate; but, not to be outdone, said, "Nay! I'se quite full, but if ye are going to hev anuther, I'll try."

Afterwards, Jack carried the Sergeant's bag to a cab (he was leaving). About half-an-hour later, I went to Jack's tent where I found him laid flat on his back, with all the buttons of

his tunic undone, puffing and grunting like a grampus.

"What's the matter?" I enquired.

"Oh! I'se nearly brossen; I've had twae dinners with that *Suffolkshire* man," answered Jack, with some degree of effort.

"But, why did you have a second?" I queried.

"Oh!" he said, "I thought I wad'nt be beaten."

Still another little short anecdote. This was in the earliest days of Wimbledon, when Lord Elcho was President. There used to be camp fires in the evening, after the shooting had concluded, and many hundreds always surrounded the fires; on which occasions the London Scottish were good enough to hand round hot toddie. Songs were sung, and complaints asked for by Lord Elcho who was Chairman.

It was early one morning following one of these camp-fire gatherings—the late Captain

Tom Booth Warlaby and I were living in the same tent—when Jack knocked at the canvas asking if we were up, and putting his hands in, both full of cigar ends, saying, "Proud smeukers, proud smeukers! I've gitten' as much baccy as will last me as long as we stop up. Willie (meaning Sergeant Metcalfe) is ower proud to tak ony up, but I'll nut gi' him a bit."

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"Oh!" he said, "I noticed where they were thick at camp fire last night. First thing this morning I found them all thare;" and then added, "Will tries to knack. He says 'betwixt,' I say 'atween.'"

"Will," who is living, will doubtless remember this.

Poor Auld Jack! He died at Thornton Rust in his eighty-eighth year, for some years before his death, he used to say, "I'm getting to be varra crammely, an' I'se sadly bothered wi' lang nails (a local word for corns).

"SAMSON" AND "PINCHER"

(A good Wensleydale Hound and an excellent Fox Terrier).

CHAPTER XI.

A Good Run in Snow, and an Interesting Day with the Wensleydale Hounds.

ON March 15th, 1886, Mr. Tomlinson, who is now master, with Bob the huntsman, and one or two more true bred ones, started off, notwithstanding the snow, which was nearly a foot deep. The meet was at Apedale which is about two miles north of Castle Bolton, but on coming across the drag of a fox in Bolton West Park the hounds were laid on and right carefully did they hunt it in the direction of Virgin lead mine, then doubling slightly back, and to the west, they carried it merrily on down and across Beldon Bottom, when the varmint stole

away, but the hounds, not to be denied, pushed him through Horner's allotment, down to Woodhall Coombs, back again through Hawbank and Lingy pasture; over Virgin Top to Swaledale, where he turned to the west along the moor edges, up Summer Lodge Gill, over Woodhall Greets and into Metcalfe's plantation, where he was laid.

It had snowed and blown (or rather as we say in the Dale it had stoured), so badly across Beldon and Greets, that the pace was extremely slow. He was tally-hoed out of the east end of the plantation, the hounds did not get a view at him, but ran him fast above Hawbank, through Bolton Parks, Bolton Gill, along Redmire Shawl into Leyburn Shawl, where this gallant fox was lost—nobody being up to render any assistance to this plucky little pack.

This run occupied nearly six hours, and it must have been considerably over twenty miles, as the point from Metcalfe's allotment to Leyburn is over ten miles.

This hunt took place in the Seventies, when we met at Walden Head at six o'clock for a drag. There were only three of us—Squire Tomlinson, Mr. Sanday, and the Master—besides the huntsman, and the Walden moor gamekeeper.

We came across a drag soon after getting on to the moor, but it was cold, and very snatchy, and being unable, after over two hours, to make him away, I asked the keeper if there was any hole near. "Yes!" he said, "a good rock hole with two entrances, down below in Deepgill." This is on the south side of Walden Moor, and rather a favourite resort for foxes.

I went to the spot he had indicated, and at once put my terrier, "Pincher," in, and he quickly bolted Master Reynard. The hounds being on the opposite side of the Gill got a view at him, and right merrily they ran him up Walden Moor, over the Gable, across Kidstone Bank, when he turned left-handed down beyond Cray, over the river Wharfe, and into Sir John Ramsden's deer park, of which they ran the full length several times.

There is a strong hole near the top of the Park, but fortunately it was stopped. They then pushed him out at the end of the park, down along the river side, when he again recrossed. The hounds pulled him down in a field adjoining Kettlewell, after about two hours' hard running.

The journey home I shall never forget, what with pouring rain, and a very thick mist, it was with the greatest difficulty we found our way to Walden, where we had left our ponies.

Another Interesting day with the Wensleydale Hounds.

This was near the end of March, some time in the seventies. The meet was at Ellerton Scar in Swaledale, the hounds were taken over the night before, when the Master and a couple of friends, with Jack the huntsman, put up at "The Buck Hotel," then kept by Ned Alderson, a keen sport.

He is now landlord of "The Bolton Arms," at Leyburn, and is the son of *Mattie-John-Ned, who was also very keen on hunting.

Having seen the hounds made comfortable for the night, a capital Yorkshire tea of ham and eggs, etc., was most thoroughly enjoyed. After it was finished, the Master hearing a loud talking in the bar, went in and found it crowded with miners. Knowing them to be a keen lot of sporting characters, and thinking he might get some help from them, he immediately ordered in a couple of gallons of ale (their favourite drink), and remarked that he would be much obliged if a couple of them would light a fire near Kausan hole an hour or two before daylight. This they most readily agreed to do. They were then told the hounds would be there punctually at six o'clock, and the horn would be blown for them as a signal just before they reached the Scar.

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*The meaning of this is, Ned was the son of John, and John the son of Matthew. There are several similar provincial nick-names about Hawes, such as Simey-Dick-Tom; Tom the son of Richard, Richard son of Simon. So the present Ned's full title would appear to be Mattie-Joan-Ned's-Ned. This may be rather puzzling to the uninitiated, but locally I feel sure it will be easily understood.

On going back into the sitting-room, the Master said to Squire Tomlinson, "You seemed to stare at me when I ordered that ale."

"Yes!" he replied, "that's what I cannot do for the life of me, *summat hods me back*, but I'll willingly pay my share of it."

Next morning, we struck the drag of a fox, before we reached the Scar, the hounds hunted it a short distance on to the moor, where, unfortunately, being a vixen, it was run into and killed in a few hundred yards.

We afterwards tried the wood beneath the Scar, but only now and then could we get a note of music. This was evidently the dog fox, but whether he got into another hole or not we could not make out.

We then tried Ellerton Moor and Stainton Gill. I remember the Squire saying, "We should never have found at all, but for that ale." We then crossed Stainton Moor, through Grey Greet, up Leyburn Moor, through Bolton Gill, up Apedale, and home without another whimper.

CHAPTER XII.

John Peel, and Song.

JOHN PEEL was a most noted hill huntsman in Cumberland. He hunted a pack for over forty years, died in 1854, at the age of seventy-eight, and is buried in the village churchyard at Caldbeck. The late Mr. John Chapman knew him very well, and they were very similar in character. He also had a batch of hounds with a strong strain of blood of John Peel's hounds in them.

Harry Routhmell, another well-known huntsman, I believe, succeeded him, took over his hounds, and for several years hunted the same district.

"John Peel."

This song was most popular, not only in the Dale, but the wide world over. The author has frequently sung it at little Dales concerts.

I have read that when Lucknow was relieved by Genl. Havelock in 1857, at a dinner given in celebration of it, a song was called for, but nobody seemed inclined to sing, whereupon an orderly whispered to his officer that he knew a man in the ranks that could sing a good song. When this was communicated to the company, there was a cry of "bring him in at once." This request was acceded to, and he fairly brought down the house by singing them "John Peel."

Here are the original words :—

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break o' the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away
With his hounds and his horn i' the morning.

Chorus—'Twas the sound o' his horn
Waked me from my bed,
An' the cry o' his hounds that he oft'times led;
For Peel's "view halloa," would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair i' the morning.

D'ye ken that bitch whose voice was death,
D'ye ken her sons of equal faith,
D'ye ken that a fox, with his last breath,
Cussed 'em all as he died i' the morning.

Chorus—'Twas the sound o' his horn
Waked me from my bed,
An' the cry o' his hounds that he oft'times led;
For Peel's "view halloa" would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair i' the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and "Ruby" too,
"Royal," and "Ranter," and "Bellman" so true;
From a drag to a chase, from a chase to a view,
From a view to a death i' the morning.

Chorus—'Twas the sound o' his horn
Waked me from my bed,
An' the cry o' his hounds that he oft'times led;
For Peel's "view halloa" would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair i' the morning.

An' I've followed John Peel, both early an' far,
O'er the rusper fence, and the gate an' bar,
Frae Low Denton Holme up to Scratchmere Scaur,
Where we vied for the brush i' the morning.

Chorus—'Twas the sound o' his horn
Waked me from my bed,
An' the cry o' his hounds that he oft'times led;
For Peel's "view halloa" would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair i' the morning.

Then here's to John Peel, with mi' heart an' soul,
Come fill, fill us up another strong bowl,
And we'll follow John Peel, through fair an' through foul,
When we're waked by his horn i' the morning.

Chorus—'Twas the sound o' his horn
Waked me from my bed,
An' the cry o' his hounds that he oft'times led;
For Peel's "view halloa" would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair i' the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey,
He lived at Caldbeck, once in a way,
But now he's gone, an' is far, far away,
An' we nivver hear his horn i' the morning.

Chorus—'Twas the sound o' his horn
Waked me from my bed,
An' the cry o' his hounds that he oft'times led;
For Peel's "view halloa" would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair i' the morning.

A Few Well-Known Good Hounds.

Among the well-known hounds connected with Wensleydale were "Sweeper," black and tan, kept by Mr. R. Robinson, Castle Bank. He was sire of "Matcham" and "Romper."

"Marplot" and "Marmion" came from old Lancashire hounds. They had a blood hound appearance about their heads; both black and tan with most musical deep mouths, but not fast.

Then there were "Countess," "Music," and "Lady," given by Harry Routhmell, when his pack was broken up. They were light lake fox hounds with keen noses and good tongues, chiefly lemon and white in colour. They sprung from John Peel's pack.

"Countess" was a capital road hound and very keen on otters. One of their descendants "Juggler" was also a good hound.

There was also, later, a grand litter with "Miner," "Ranter," and "Rustic" in it, all very good and fast hounds.

Then there was "Butcher," kept by Jane Simpson, Palmer Flatt; and "Dimey," at Aysgarth, both most excellent hounds, but too fast; they frequently ran clean away from the pack. I recollect their running clear away from the others on the top of Stagsfell, and killing the

fox on the east end of Askrigg Moor. Bryan Cockburn was a long way first at the death, on a little thoroughbred bay horse that I think he called "Tim Whiffler," he was most fortunate in not being bogged, as he had no knowledge of the moor he crossed, it being full of hags.

There was also "Bellman," kept by Mr. Clarkson, of The Chantry; and "Bounty," sister to the latter, kept by Mr. Purchas; also "Frolic," a lemon and white bitch. She was the leading hound for several seasons.

Our hounds never had their ears cropped like the modern fox hound.

My friend, Colonel Lodge, asks me to include the following little anecdote in my book; and, although I accede to his request, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story:—

The Lodges of Bishopdale had a well known hound bitch, noted for work and good looks. She

COL. J. W. LODGE, BISHOPDALE.

Photo. by Fred. Bourne, Eastbourne.

pupped, and the Chapmans wanted a pup or two. Lodges wouldn't part. One night the Chapmans came over the moor with two or three pups of their own which they substituted for the Lodges and went home rejoicing.

A STORY is told of an old character in Wensleydale, who had all the straightforwardness and wit of the tyke. On one occasion the then Master and a solicitor were riding along to the hunt fixture when they fell in with old A——.

Said the Master, "Will there be a scent, this morning, A——?"

The old man, who was steeped in the lore and laws of venery, answered, "Nut wahl t' sun's on t' wane; then there will."

"Thanks!" was the reply.

A—— stood for a moment, and then said, "If you'd assed him 'ats wi' ye, he'd a charged ye six an' eight-pence; but ah nivver charges na mair an' a bob mesell."

Needless to say he got his "bob."

CHAPTER XIII.

Interesting Incidents on a Grouse Moor.

WE were grouse shooting on Walden Moor, and during the luncheon hour Mr. Winn, being disappointed with the bag, asked me to arrange the drives for the afternoon ; saying, he really must have another fifteen brace. I undertook to do it, and, having started two or three of the drivers, I told the guns they must be ready to start in a quarter-of-an-hour, as I had put the low part of the moor into one drive. Several of them, no doubt, thinking I had made a mistake, said I ought to have made two or three drives instead of one. I said, I thought we could kill fifteen brace, as required, and, if they

doubted it, I was willing to back up my opinion by a few bets. I made some; and then added, "I will make more that we kill twenty brace." Two or three additional ones being made, I again ventured to accept a few more, that we killed twenty-five brace.

After the drive was finished, the first two guns came up to me. I asked their addition to the bag. The first one said, "I fired ten shots, but not a bird." The second said, "I've had nine shots, with a similar result."

This, I need scarcely add, was not their usual form. If they should honour me by reading this book, I feel quite sure they will remember the occasion. I have always thought it was owing to their over-anxiety for me to win my bets. They were both good and true friends, and I am pleased to add that I can still claim them as such.

The birds having been gathered, the bag shewed twenty-eight-and-a-half brace—a win for me all round—I then remarked, "Gentlemen, this is a ready-money transaction." The bets were

paid. On going down to the village where we had left our conveyances, being a little exuberant in spirits, we made merry at the village inn for a short time. When driving Squire Tomlinson home, in my dog-cart, we came across one of the losers on his back in the road, his host having upset his dog-cart either in his haste or excitement. The man on his back, I think, came from Hastings. After putting him in head first under the back seat, I asked if he had ever been on a grouse moor before, and he admitted that he had not. "Then," I said, "never make another bet, especially with a Yorkshire man, for it's any odds on a tyke *versus* a Sussex man.

The following is what I term petty jealousy. It occured on a grouse moor in the Dales. Our host at luncheon said that I had killed over three-quarters of the bag.

"Oh! how lucky he is," said a gun standing close by.

"Yes!" I remarked, "I must have had more than my share of chances."

Our host then asked what butt I had drawn for the next drive. "Number five," I replied.

"Oh!" the other gun at once remarked, "what luck again."

So I calmly asked the number of his butt. "Four," he answered.

"Well," I said, "there should not be very much difference, I think, between numbers four and five, as they are adjoining butts."

During the shooting, I took note of how many shots number four had fired. After the drive was over, our host came up to enquire what I had done. "I have thirteen down, gathered twelve, but I see my dog is bringing in the other one."

Again exclaimed the other gun in number four, "What luck."

This, at last, rather irritating me, I asked how many he had accounted for. "Four," he said, was his lot.

Then I said, "Do you know how many cartridges you fired?"

"No," he replied, "I do not."

"I do," I remarked, "you fired sixteen shots and got four birds; I fired thirteen and got thirteen birds. I suppose you will still call it luck?"

One of the drivers who had been put forward as a stop, well in sight of my butt, cried, "Nay! Nay! Ho'd thy tongue! if thou lives to a hundred, thou'll nivver do that. I saw him fell 'em all."

'Will,' the stop, should he read this, would doubtless remember it. The other gun was not much of a shot, and rather bored me with his word "Luck."

Another incident happened on the same moor, and about the same year also, on a driving day.

The late Mr. Robert Lodge, of Bishopdale, coming up to join the party at luncheon, inadvertently, and through not knowing on what part of the moor the guns then were, most unfortunately

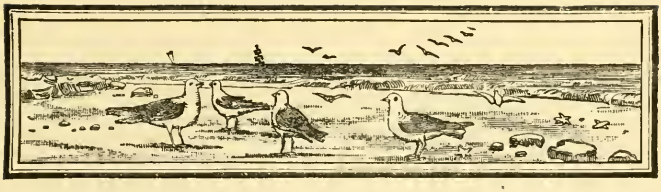
appeared on the top of Noughtberry Hill, overlooking the shooting box, and what was infinitely much worse, in view of the butts over which the birds were being driven. Some of the guns were terribly rough on him, for—as they termed it—his interfering with the drive, and causing the grouse to swerve. He was so much upset about it that immediately after luncheon he turned towards home. Noticing this, I jocularly said, "Never mind, there has often been a much worse mishap. Come with me into my butt, and I'll let you see me kill every bird." He did; and, most fortunately I fulfilled my promise by killing eleven birds consecutively. He then went home in a much happier mood, and many a time have I been told of his narrating this in after years.

He was a very kind friend to me, and gave me full permission to shoot and fish over his property whenever I liked. He entertained a very high opinion of me as a shot. Well, he might have been further wrong, for in those days, I think I may safely assert that in the best of company I could hold my own; and so I ought,

with the amount of practice I had, offering me every angle of flight; from the low flying bird coming straight at me, the same going from me; the quick skimming cross shots from right to left, and *vice versa*; to that most delightful of all shots, the high rocketter, coming down wind at the rate of sixty miles an hour, which, when fatally struck, doubles up like a ball, and falls fully a hundred yards behind. Many and many a time have I had my right and left spinning in the air at the same time.

Self praise is no recommendation, and I fear this savours a little of it, but having been on my back for over twenty-five years, and closely approaching the allotted span of life, perhaps I may be pardoned for this little blow of my own trumpet.

MR. W. H. TOMLINSON, WITH HOUNDS AND HUNTSMAN, 1907.



CHAPTER XIV.

A Most Excellent Long Run with a Fox in the Early Fifties.

IT was in the month of March, about fifty-two or fifty-three years ago, that the hounds took a drag from Hawbank, hunted it about three miles, and found in Broomber Stones, below Ellerkin. The fox bolted in the middle of the pack. They ran through Hawbank, above Carperby, through Bolton west and east Gills, over Lord Bolton's and Ellerton Moors to Ellerton Scar, where he got to ground.

Mr. Chapman was riding his black horse, and found the hounds baying at the mouth of Kauson

hole. On returning, he met, about half-a-mile away, on Ellerton Moor, Jammie Holmes (huntsman) and Mr. Tomlinson. Jammie, who had a terrier with him, went with Mr. Chapman to the hole; Mr. Tomlinson remaining with the horse on the top of the Scar. It was found that the fox, being hard run and over-heated, had come out. The hounds hit him off down the wood. Mr. Chapman returned for his horse, and, with Mr. Tomlinson, followed, and crossed the Swale, up through Marrick Plantations to Hurst Moor; here the fox turned left-handed and swung down and through Fremington Edges, re-crossed the Swale, up through Cogden Woods, and past the Hall. Mrs. Whitelock and her servant, being in front of the Hall, saw the fox about two hundred yards ahead of the hounds, which then went up to Ellerton Moor.

Mr. Tomlinson followed on foot, and found Mr. Whitelock and Mr. Chapman bogged on Ellerton Moor. He passed them and never saw Mr. Whitelock again that day. Mr. Chapman,

getting his horse out of the bog, followed, and overtook Squire Tomlinson at Stoney Bank.

From some prints of hounds, they decided that they had gone to Bolton Gill. On reaching the Gill, they found five hounds were missing. Mr. Chapman, knowing they had previously killed there, went in search of the fox, while Mr. Tomlinson took his horse round by Apedale Smelt Mill, and met a man who said he had seen five hounds running under Bull Scar. Mr. Tomlinson called Mr. Chapman out of the Gill, saying they had gone forward. Going in the direction of Bolton west Gill, the missing five hounds were met returning. Mr. Chapman, rubbing his hand over their muzzles, concluded at once they had killed the fox somewhere ahead.

On meeting Richard Willis and Lang Scar Jack (Fawcett, the keeper) they were informed the hounds had killed above Carperby; and as Jammie Holmes had joined Mr. Chapman and Mr. Tomlinson near Bolton Gill, the three went forward, and found the dead fox had been brought down by somebody and laid on Dodds's Bink.

Mr. Tomlinson concluded by the ordnance map, measured by T. F. King, Land Agent, that he must have ran forty miles.

Squire Tomlinson always said it was the longest run of his life ; that he was the biggest greyhound fox he had ever seen, and that he was as long as Dodds's Bink, a stone bench in front of the village inn at Carperby, then kept by John Dodsworth, *alias* Dodds, who also kept a good black and tan hound bitch, called "Merry-lass." She was sister to "Romper," also black and tan.

"Romper" was an excellent fox hound, as well as a capital trail hound, and was kept by Mr. Tomlinson. I recollect his winning several matches, one especially with "Matchem." It was five miles straight, from the bottom of Middleham Moor to near Thupton Gill.

I also recollect a very peculiar incident in connection with "Romper," of which I was an eye witness. It was after finding a fox in deep snow at the bottom of Ellerkin, that both the fox and "Romper" stuck fast in a huge drift. The

fox was about a couple of yards above the hound, and there they were, I should say for quite two minutes, when the fox scrambled out at the top, but "Romper" had to descend, and he got up at another point.

They ran the fox to Penhill Craggs, where he saved his brush, or rather his stump of a brush. His brush was no longer than a docked tail of an ordinary fox terrier. That year there was a litter of cubs on Penhill, and they all had short brushes, which we could never account for. They were demons to go, and I think we only killed one of them.

A Good Hunt after a Smart Drag.

The hounds took up this drag in Ox Close; and worked it most carefully to Broomber Craggs, above Nappa Hall, where they marked the fox to ground. Jammie Holmes (huntsman) bolted him with his terrier. The fox took up the hill over Ellerkin, down and through Arngill, Askrigg,

Fair Hill allotments, Whitfield Gill, Grange Gill, over Stagsfell to the Butter Tubs, where he turned to the right, past Cliff Gill, along Swaledale Moor Edges, and just beat hounds to ground in an old disused coal pit, or lead mine workings, on Backstone Edges, behind Whitfield.

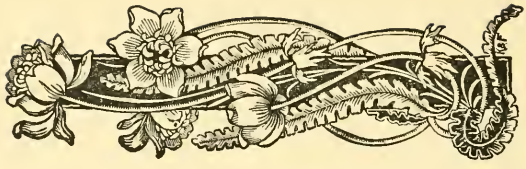
I ran away from Yore Bridge School at the dinner hour, having heard the hounds west of Whitfield Gill, and got nearly up to them at Grange Gill, where the fox had dwelt. The master got up to them there on his black horse.

On the west of Grange Gill I met with Will Raine, the only other follower in sight, and we ran together to the end. There came on a blinding snow-storm when we got on to the top of Stagsfell, so bad that my father left his horse at Simonstone, and he, with another man or two, came in search of me, thinking I should be lost. There was also a most dense mist, and we had not the remotest idea of our locality, but, hearing hounds to the right, we fortunately came across their tracks in the snow, and followed them to the earth on Backstone Edge.

The fox had a most narrow escape, as, from the twistings and doublings in the snow tracks, it must have been a very narrow squeak for his life.

The hounds had all left when we got there. We afterwards walked over Whitfield, following some of the hounds' tracks to Askrigg, where I called and begged some oatcake and a cup of tea at old Jeffry Jack's. I had long before given my dinner to Raine. He fell very faint on Swaledale Edge, and of course, soon after, I, not having anything left, also felt most hungry. As hounds ran, it must have been a good twelve miles.

Jeffry Jack was a noted character. In his palmy days he used to play the bassoon in Askrigg Church; and, Oh! the sounds he produced were too cruel for words. Jack was also a bit of a fisherman, but his flies and tackle were much on a par with his music.



CHAPTER XV.

Chapter of Incidents.

THE Author, in selecting the subjects for this chapter has endeavoured to be as brief as possible, whilst, at the same time, strictly adhering to the actual facts.

A gentleman who bought a good estate in the Dale ordered his keeper to discharge Mr. Chapman from hunting over his property. On a Leyburn market-day following this, when the late Lord Bolton, the Earl of Cathcart, and one or two more were standing in front of the Bolton Arms,

AYSGARTH FORS, WENSLEYDALE.

Photo. by Smithson, Leyburn.

Lord Bolton beckoned me, asking if my father was down, and, if so, to tell him he wished to speak to him.

He was down, and on approaching the group, Lord Bolton, in his cheery way, saluted him with "Good morning! Mr. Chapman. I'm sorry to hear that the new comer has stopped you hunting over his property;" and added, "but never mind, Mr. Chapman, you have full liberty to hunt over mine, and all others in the Dale, as far as I know."

"Thanks, my Lord," replied my father, "I have already more country than I can hunt, but what annoyed me was the discourteous manner in which it was done, without even any hint or previous intimation."

"What did you say to the keeper?" queried Lord Bolton. "I told him to tell his master that I would not attempt to hunt over his property again," replied my father, "but if my hounds were to run a fox or hare through his garden, and he was in my way, I would ride over him to fetch the hounds back." Needless to add, this

caused a great burst of hilarity; and here the subject dropped. I am pleased to add that they afterwards became very good friends.

Squire Tomlinson, on one occasion, when running a fox across the moor, unfortunately got his horse into a bog behind Stagsfell. He dismounted, and proceeded on foot, leaving his horse in charge of Mr. J. C. Winn. After a good run, the hounds killed their fox near Oxnip Gill, in Swaledale. The horse had almost disappeared in the bog, only his head and tail being visible. When dragged out, nearly four hours afterwards, he was, for some time, unable to stand.

At a fancy dress ball at Leyburn, in the early sixties, the Honble. W. E. Duncombe, now Earl of Feversham, asked Mr. Chapman how his hounds were going on.

J. C. WINN, ESQ., J P., THE GRANGE.

"Capitally," he replied, "I had the best hunt of my life, yesterday. I hunted the drag of a fox for over seven hours and never found him. That's the way to make hounds pick up a cold scent."

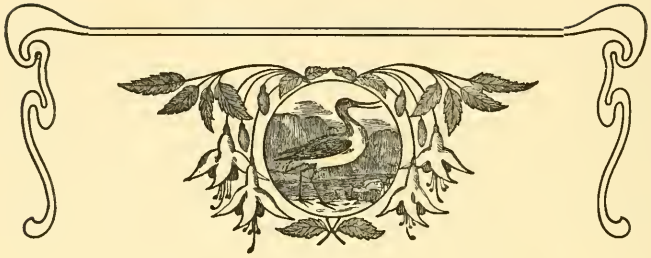
I WELL remember Jas. C. Winn, of The Grange, an old member of the Hunt, and a bold rider, when following a fox which crossed the river above Worton Bridge, having a most narrow escape from drowning. He mistook the landing, and it was with the greatest difficulty he scrambled out. The river was almost in flood. He was riding a good grey horse—a prime-made one. He could not swim, and I do not think he ever realized what a narrow squeak he had.

WHENEVER Mr. Chapman went on foot, he always had two or three hounds following him. Often, when on his way to Aysgarth Church, he would discover some at his heels, and would then take

them into a stable at Palmer Flatt. They frequently got out, however, and hunted his feet through the churchyard into the church, and walked quietly up the middle aisle to opposite his pew, where they laid down and remained until the end of the service. My wife reminds me of the above, and says their behaviour was so perfect that she often gave more attention to the hounds than the sermon. Mr. Winn was Vicar. He never objected, although he had a full view of them.

Another incident occurred on the 12th August, 1874. Mr. Chapman used often to walk up to the shooting box on the moor, to see the guns during the luncheon hour. On the occasion in question, two hounds followed him. After the guns had left for their afternoon shoot, he and Mr. Robinson were left to lock up the hut, in which there were some grouse left. Next morning when the keeper went for them, he met a hound, "Hector," looking very distended, a few hundred yards below the shooting box. When he arrived at the box he saw a large hole in the window, and

on opening the door found all that remained of the grouse—a big bunch of feathers. "Hector" had evidently been overlooked the previous evening whilst lying under a bench; and, after his repast, had taken the liberty of going bang through the window, frame and all.



CHAPTER XVI.

Another Eventful Day, when the Author was a Schoolboy at Sedbergh; and a Story of Jack Vestrys.

ON this occasion, a fox was turned down between Hawes and Hardraw. After being turned and hampered in all directions by the crowds of foot people, he took up and through the grounds below Hardraw waterfall. Mr. Chapman, following close to the hounds, rode his horse up the staircase adjoining the falls on the west side. There must have been thirty or forty steps. After getting to the top, he somehow got on to the road leading through

Simonstone. The hounds ran up the wood through Fossdale Gill, over Fossdale Moor; at the top, the fox swung to the right, pointing for the head of Swaledale. Bending still to the right he crossed Cliff Gill, and the hounds killed him somewhere behind Stagsfell.

Mr. Chapman saw most of the hunt from the road leading to Swaledale. Afterwards, he and Mr. Tomlinson, with several other followers, returned to the inn at Hardraw, where he had left his dog-cart. The landlord was then Frank Johnson, a real keen sport, and a great favourite with Mr. Chapman.

Having celebrated the run over several drops of "gin and watter," Jammie Holmes (huntsman), was sent off with Mr. Chapman's horse. Not long after, Messrs. Chapman and Tomlinson driving home, found Jammie laid on his back in the road, with the hounds lying round him; and so determined were they on protecting him, that for some time Jammie could not be got at; and some of the hounds actually seized the step of the trap in their defiance, but on recognising

Mr. Chapman's voice, they settled down. I fear Jammie had imbibed too freely. Mr. Tomlinson rode Mr. Chapman's horse home, and Mr. Chapman drove Jammie, with the hounds following. Thus ended this eventful day.

An Extraordinary Story of Jack Vestrys, a Descendant of a Dales Family.

Jack was an eccentric character. He was clever with horses, and part of his business was keeping stallions, with which he travelled over a wide area. He usually "made a day of it" when he had been hunting, and thought a "sup o' gin very comforting"—at least, his wife Bessie would say so; and she could talk.

Jack was most amiable and humorous in his cups, but would employ vulgar expressions and comparisons which we will pass.

To appease his wife, when especially late home, he would commence, as soon as he opened the door, by exclaiming, "Ah've bowt tha a coo, Bess. Doos tha hear? Ah say, Ah've bowt tha a coo; wi' sike a yeuer as tha nivver seed. Gang an' leeak at her;" or, "Bess, Ah've fetched tha' a noo gown."

Once, when he had more gin than usual on board, he commenced the following story, which no doubt had its origin over the warm fire at one or the other of the Kirby hostels. Ere his wife could commence to let off steam; "Wait, noo, Bess, wait a minit," he exclaimed, "an' Ah'll tell tha all aboot it. Ho'd on, now. Ah've been huntin' wi' Jack Parker; tha nivver heeard owt like what Ah's goin' to tell tha; no, nivver i' tha life. Ah'd just got to t' top o' 'Ozzy Kirk' (Oswald Kirk) bank, when Jack Parker's hoonds i' full cry after a fox, were comin' ower. Ah turned frightened, and gat into an awd empty barrel that somebody had left. T' hoonds cam' loupin' round, an' cocked theear legs ageean t' barrel. Twae on 'em gat theear starns through t' bung

hole. Ah collard ho'd, stuck me feet ageean yah side, an' me back ageean t' other, an' down t' bank we went. Ah shouted 'Tally ho!' an' waived me hat ower yah side, an t' hoonds gav' out music like mad things. At last t' awd barrel struck ageean a stone, an' flew ti bits, an' Ah wuz left on t' road laid on t' rig o' me back. Just at that minit, Jack Parker gallops up, an' when he saw me he laughed—whal, Ah thowt he'd 'a'e brussen hissell. All t' hossmen, said Jack, 'thowt the divil in a new shap' had got wi' t' hoonds, when he saw t' black thing bouncin' down t' bank. 'It's a wonder t' hoonds didn't worry tha alang wit' fox,' said Jack. An', begow, t' dogs had killed t' fox, an' Ah was t' fust up. Jack Parker blooded me, an' gav' me t' brush for thee, Bess. So stick it i' tha bustle, an' thoo'll be a vixen."

THORNTON HOUSE (AUTHOR'S RESIDENCE).
Date 1670.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Word on Moorland Hunting.

"I AM old-fashioned enough to believe that the best sport, the longest runs, and the most interesting hound work are all to be found on the moors."

So wrote Colonel S. Conyers Scrope, M.F.H., to the present writer when he was arranging for the formation of a Wensleydale pack of fox hounds. Since one essentially associates with the very name Wensleydale; moorland, crag, rushing water, and hidden dell, it will not be inappropriate in a work dealing with the hound and hunting lore of this beautiful portion of the

broad-acred Shire, to say a word regarding the charm, the difficulty, and the peculiarities attendant upon moorland hunting. As a preface to this, let me say that in Wensleydale, as in most of our other Yorkshire Dales, the sporting spirit runs strong. They are born Nimrods; and be it a hare hunt, a fox chase, a summer's trot by the Yore with the Northern Counties otter hounds, or the digging for a badger, they are equally keen, the very cry of hounds having a great fascination for them; whilst I have heard it said that hounds and sheep are the only subjects on which the Wensleydale Moorlander, who is cut off from his fellows, can wax enthusiastic. Be this as it may, the dalesman as a rule is much easier to deal with than the low-country sportsman. He puts fewer obstacles is the way of hounds; as a rule his claims for damage forwarded to the hunt are infinitesimal, and he is willing to put himself to a considerable amount of trouble and hard work to aid and enjoy the sport. Summed up, all this is merely saying he is a true sportsman, and this has already been stated.

It was, of course, on the hills, that fox hunting had its birth in Yorkshire—and we Tykes claim that it was in our Shire the fox chase, as well as that of the hare, had its introduction, the former by George Villers, second Duke of Buckingham, when he retired from the Court of Charles, to Helmesley. We know His Grace followed his hounds on horseback, and had some wonderful gallops, but it is also pretty certain some of the hounds were held in leash by men on foot, who released them on a fox being found by some old staid members of the pack, and followed as best they could. A century later, when the present Cleveland hounds were known as the "Roxby," or "Rowsby" dogs, they were for long hunted on foot, the followers carrying with them a sort of alpenstock, to help them up the side of the steep hills, or down into some ravine, echoing and re-echoing with the music of the hounds.

There has been an evolution, not only in the Cleveland country, but in the sport itself; still there are places in Wensleydale where it is yet necessary for the huntsman to dismount and go

on foot with his pack. I have seen the Farndale huntsmen walk for miles along the side banks where a horse could not travel, but where a fox was likely to lie.

Not only does moorland hunting demand a certain amount of walking, but it also specially lends itself to footmen who can stand on the top of some eminence, and, in the case of harriers, see every bit of the run; with fox hounds, a great deal can also be seen.

There is an old sporting adage in Yorkshire, "A man and horse able to cross a moorland country can ride anywhere;" but personally, I am always inclined to think that the dangers and difficulties of hill-hunting are exaggerated. I have had a fair amount of experience in my time with many hill packs, and have always noticed that here there is scarcely ever an accident. This may be because the men and the horses they ride are bred and born in the midst of peat, bog, and stone wall. Be this as it may, the fact still remains. The exaggeration

I have mentioned, however, has resulted in making most low-country sportsmen tremendously afraid of the hills and moors. Many times have I seen the followers of the Bedale, when hounds have gone to the moors; or the Hur-worth, when a Bilsdale fox has gone from Winton to Welbury, to the Hambletons, draw rein because of imaginary difficulties. There are, of course, bogs; and there is one story of a Wensleydale sportsman returning home from hunting with the Duke of Leeds' hounds, with only a bridle, his horse and saddle having disappeared in a morass; whilst only last season (1906–7), Mr. S. Conyers Scrope's kennelman, got bogged, and his horse had to be dug out. The average Yorkshire bog, however, is little more than a quagmire—a dirty inconvenient obstacle, but with no attendant danger.

I remember an old sportsman, who lived near Leyburn, giving some advice to a young grass country Nimrod, who intended hunting on the moors, which one usually receives from the sage of every hill pack, "Keep to the ling an' you'll

nivver bog, an' allus give yer hoss a lowse head." I can repeat this advice as the result of experience, which, after all, is the surest teacher. The heather (ling they call it in Wensleydale) is sufficient to support man and horse, no matter how treacherous the ground be underneath. The worst ground is often the most inviting—that with beautiful green grass growing over it, of such patches beware, likewise of inky black plots of ground covered with seeves. I have found that a cobby horse of about 14.2 hands, with some breeding, is the most suitable for the hills and moors. They are quicker and cleverer than a big horse, and sooner rested after climbing steep hills. They are more careful in descending, too, and can nip away through crags and open drains, whilst I always fancy they look more where they are going than a big horse, which may be a perfect low-country hunter, yet continually giving its rider falls on the moorland heights. The difficulties of moorland hunting are no greater than those which await the novice wherever he goes, and will soon be overcome.

Moorland hares and foxes are proverbially stronger and stouter than their kinsmen in the fields and coverts below. In the case of foxes, this is in a great measure due to the fact that those on the hill are not preserved. No artificial means, such as semi-confinement for some months, hand feeding or the like, are employed with them, they are the product of nature throughout, and often worth two or three of the half tame, hand-reared, ring-running beggars, which, together with the sport-spoiling disease of mange, are the product of the last decade of last century, when shooting became so popular. Moorland hares are stouter, too, and in some instances, I have known them make almost fox-points. It is said a good scent makes a good fox or hare, and this, no doubt, in a measure, is the case. On the hills, scent is often good when there is not a particle in the low country. The heather will frequently carry a scent when it is almost too hot to ride. These facts together—the wildness of foxes and and the excellence of heather as a scent carrier—explain the many wonderful runs which have

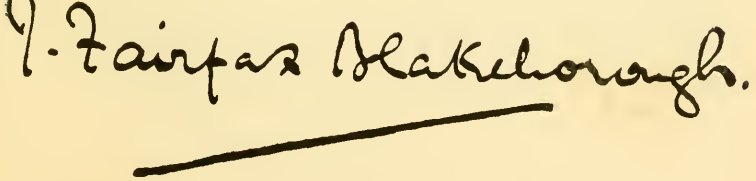
found a place in this work, and which still take place—hounds running the same fox for two or three hours, until, indeed, they either killed him or laid down at the mouth of some stronghold, in which he had sought refuge, exhausted.

But the charm of moorland hunting is not merely in the pace and the length of runs, but also in the fact that one can see every bit of hound work, watch the individual members of the pack drink in the scent and proclaim it, see how they flash round, cast themselves when at fault, and wonder as they top the stone walls, despite the fact that they have run for over an hour.

Hunting, now-a-days, seems to have resolved itself into steeplechasing. That, one does *not* get on the moors, but rather the old-fashioned sport, which the writer, together with Mr. Scrope, the author of this book, and so many others in Wensleydale and elsewhere love so well.

In conclusion, may I say how the thanks of every Yorkshireman is due to Capt. F. Chapman, for collecting so much of interest regarding the history of venery in sporting Wensleydale. Much

is already lost and forgotten, and another generation of dalesfolk would have remembered little or nothing of the contents of this volume, which will be invaluable to those who take an interest in Yorkshire sport or Yorkshire sporting history; a literature peculiar to itself, and withal forming no small part in the social history of every locality, and more especially that with which this book deals. Here farmers, riders, famous trainers, renowned jockeys, as well as many hares and foxes which are immortalized in these pages, as well as in the lore and legend of the Dale, had their birth. Here, too, many racehorses, whose strain is still to be found in the racing stables and studs of to-day, had their first gallops. But this is another story. Wensleydale spells sport as sport suggests Wensleydale—the twain are synonymous, and if there were any doubt about the matter, Captain Chapman appears to have dispelled it.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Scrope's Hounds and a Good Run.

MR. S. C. SCROPE of Danby-on-Gore is now, I am very glad to hear, making a noble effort to hunt the outlying moorland districts of the Bedale Hunt, adjoining Wensleydale; and I am delighted to find that he has already had a good run with a moor fox. I describe the run from a local newspaper cutting of December 5th, 1906.

"The best run of last week, all the country over, was that with Mr. S. C. Scrope's hounds on the 4th inst. The Danby Hall pack are mainly from Mr. Millbank's kennels of Radnorshire and

S. C. SCROPE, ESQ., M.F.H., DANBY-ON-YORE.

West Hereford Hunt. The meet was at Stainton, near Richmond. The hounds got on the line of a fox that made his way due west for ten miles over the open moorland. The fox finally, after trying all the disused lead mine workings, but failing to find any refuge, turned left-handed half way between Askrigg and Low Whita, and got to ground in a rock hole at the top of Apedale. The small field was squandered, and the hounds had to do all the work unaided. The Master found himself near Bolton Gill. The second whip was unfortunate enough to get his horse bogged on the very top of the ridge of the moor, between Swaledale and Wensleydale, half way between Askrigg and Low Whita. Mr. Kendall, of Low Whita, and others were exceedingly kind in rendering every assistance to horses and men. Mr. Gervasse Scrope stayed with the second whip, and they reached Leyburn soon after midnight. Petts (huntsman) got up to the hounds where they had marked their fox to ground in Apedale, and with the assistance of M. J. Peacock, son of the well-known Middleham

trainer, brought all hounds back to kennel with the exception of a couple which were brought home by the second whip, Mr. Gervasse Scrope."

The distance must have been fully fifteen miles. And it is rather remarkable that, although I have been on my back for upwards of twenty-five years, chiefly spent in the South of England—in the summer months at Hove or Brighton for County Cricket; and Eastbourne in the winter for Football, the only sources of sport now left to me, in my bathchair—only a week before the above run I wrote to Mr. Scrope telling him of the very hole where the fox beat them.

I find that the late Mr. Simon Scrope—great-grandfather of the present S. C. Scrope—had hounds at Danby from 1805 to about 1830. He hunted in scarlet. I have an excellent picture of him mounted on a well-known chestnut horse, which he hunted for twelve seasons, when he was running into his hare on Middleham Moor. The picture, unfortunately, is not clear enough to be reproduced.

The present S. C. Scrope, Esq., has just started (1906) a pack of half-bred Welsh hounds to hunt the moorland fringe of the Bedale country. His best run so far was from Stainton to Crackpot Gill, then left-handed back to ground at Apedale Head (described before). He has many difficulties to contend with. Foxes continually getting to ground in unstopped rock holes and nooks at present unknown to Mr. Scrope.

Since the very early days, the Scropes have been famed as equestrians, and even in Plantagenet times a Scrope was chosen from the whole English army to contest, on horseback, in a military tournament, with a French champion, during a truce, after one of our big battles, and won. We have an old saying in Yorkshire, "Ye knaaw breedin' will tell," and this is applicable to persons as well as animals. This we find in such fine old families as the Scropes, whose support of the turf, hounds, and horn, descends from generation to generation.

The following is an extract from a diary dated February 17th, 1780 :—

"Mr. Scrope says the Bedale hounds ran forty miles. Mr. Scrope had a bad fall from his horse which hurt his leg very much. Mr. Simon Scrope had four falls, in one of which he greatly hurt his shoulder. Old Renny beat the whole field tho' pursued from six in the morning until three in the afternoon. Rare work for horses, not a horse in the field but Mr. Scrope's could make a trot towards the end, even Mr. Simon Scrope's couldn't catch them."

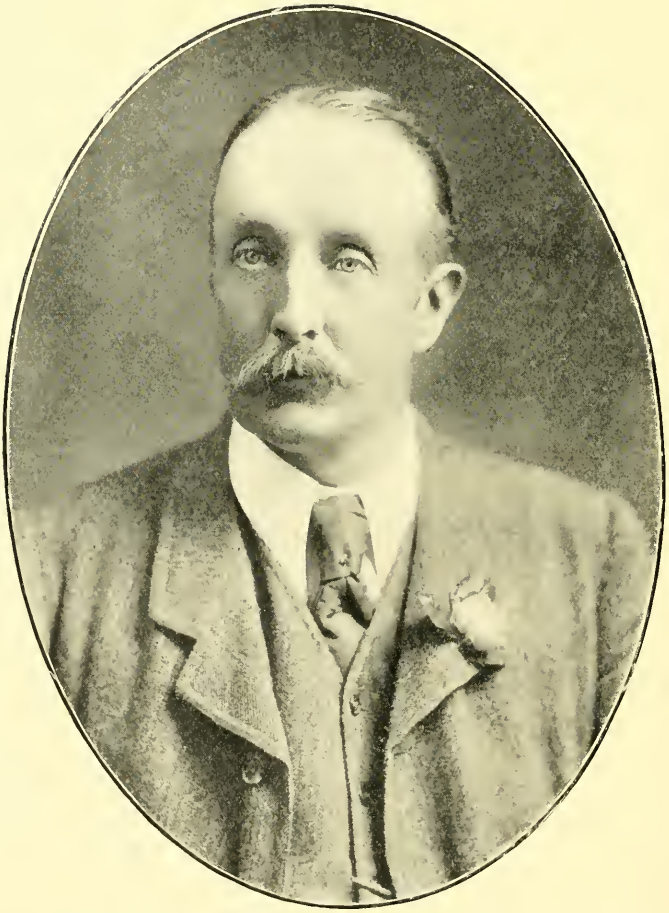
Mr. Scrope (the father) was seventy years of age when he rode this historic run. There is a tradition in the family that the dam of "Nutwith," which won the St. Leger in 1843, was regularly hunted with Mr. Scrope's harriers by her owner, Captain Wrather.

Sheep Worrying.

I have recently been asked for a remedy for sheep worrying. But, alas, I fear that once hounds have tasted warm blood they are incurable. I and my father have tried everything imaginable, but we both came to the conclusion that the only cure was to discover the ring-leaders and put them down at once. This may not apply to inland packs where you can ride close to hounds and whip them off before they have tasted blood, but in hill and dale packs, like ours, it is very difficult to get near enough to make sure of the chief offender. I used to think it a very good plan to allow the puppies, when young, to go with the farmers and see the sheep and lambs when they were going their rounds. Deer hunting, I am sure, has a tendency to make hounds take to sheep. I recollect two instances distinctly, and they both occurred after hunting the late Lord Bolton's red deer. He used occasionally to ask my father to lend him a few hounds to lead his harriers; and on two

occasions, shortly afterwards, they took to sheep worrying. I find from my hunt book that in 1870 we paid eight pounds, and later, three pounds, for sheep worrying.

A friend tells me he has seen dogs cured of sheep worrying in Sussex by tying them to a strong wattled hurdle, laid down in a gateway, and a large flock of sheep driven over the hurdle, which was wattled with split oak bars. This I have never tried.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD BOLTON, BOLTON HALL.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Late Lord Bolton's Harriers, with Extracts from his Diary.

LORD BOLTON has kindly given me the following account of his father's hounds, which were kept at Bolton Hall. He began with beagles, but they were found to be impracticable, as they were unable to jump the walls, and, consequently, had to be lifted over. Then harriers were tried, but the walls were rather more than they could manage, and, eventually, small foxhounds were adopted. He kept a few red deer in paddocks behind the Hall, and now and then used to enlarge one.

Lord Bolton, commenting on one of these runs, says, "I remember the run from Catterick

race-course. Two covered carts were sent, one containing a stag which had been hunted once or twice before; and the other, a hind. The former was taken to the race-course, where an enormous crowd of people had assembled. They surrounded the cart, and my father asked them to make way for the stag to go through, which was done, a clear opening being left to the west. The moment the stag was let out, the brute went due east, through the crowd, and continued in that direction for about a mile. He then turned, bearing rather south-west and west for about five miles.

This brought it to a farm where old Humble, the kennel huntsman, was standing with the cart containing the hind. Humble, seeing the animal approaching, opened the stable door, and the stag went in.

He then turned the hind out, without anyone knowing at the time what had happened. She went straight west and got to Bolton Gill and laid down just above the rocks, and someone, I forget who, tried to catch her. She jumped over

the rocks and hurt herself. She was taken to Bolton, where she died. I remember George Lowden (the whip) coming to the stables for another horse; he had got through two, and he finished the run on a cob, accompanied by about two couple of hounds."

I find an entry in my father's diary as follows:—

"March 28th, 1858.—Stag hunting, run seventeen miles. Time, two hours." [This was evidently the run above described.]

I also find the following entries for the first year he kept harriers:—

"October 6th, 1851.—Killed three hares.

October 11th, 1851.—Killed one hare.

October 15th, 1851.—Killed three hares (Spennithorne).

October 21st.—Killed five hares (Castle Bolton).

October 25th.—Killed four hares (Middleham).

March 17th, 1860.—Hunted a hind; ran from Harmby, Eastfield, Danby, East Witton, past Ellington towards Masham, re-took

three miles west of Masham. Time, one hour and five minutes.

February 22nd, 1862.—Hunted West Bolton with my own and Mr. Chapman's hounds united.

December 4th, 1862.—Hunted my harriers at the boat pasture for the last time."

This latter entry is of some interest, as the late Lord afterwards gave the hounds to Mr. Bruere, who kept them for several years in kennels near Middleham.

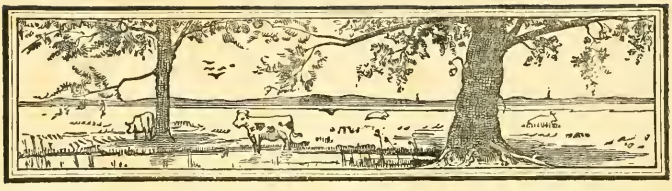
SOME OF THE PEOPLE I REMEMBER, WHO HAVE HUNTED WITH MY FATHER'S HARRIERS.

Lady Bolton	... Bolton Hall.
Honble. Jean M. Orde-Powlett	... Bolton Hall.
Honble. W. T. Orde Powlett	... Bolton Hall.
Honble. H. R. Orde Powlett	... Bolton Hall.
Honble. & Rev. T. O. Powlett	... Wensley Rectory.
Honble. A. C. Orde Powlett	... Spennithorne.
Miss E. Orde Powlett ...	... Wensley.
Frederick Riddle, Esq. ...	... Leyburn.
Simon T. Scrope, Esq. ...	... Danby Hall.

S. T. Scrope, Esq., Junr.	Danby Hall.
Lt.-Col. R. Crawford	
Col. Inglefield, R.A....	
Miss Inglefield	
Wm. Bruere, Esq.	Middleham.
G. R. Denison, Esq....	
W. Lodge, Esq.	Wensley.
J. Atkinson, Esq.	Woodhall.
Dr. Wright	Middleham.
Percy Bruere, Esq.	Middleham.
Rev. H. Ray	Finghall.
H. V. Straubenzie, Esq.	Spennithorne.
John Topham, Esq.	Middleham.
Rev. E. D. Topham	Middleham.
John Chapman, Esq.	Thornton Rust.
W. H. Tomlinson, Esq.	Aysgarth.
F. Chapman, Esq.	Thornton Rust.
Jas. C. Winn, Esq.	The Grange.
John Clarkson, Esq....	The Chantry.

Jockeys and Trainers.

Johnny Osborn	Ashgill.
J. Grimshaw	Middleham.
H. Grimshaw	Middleham.
Tom Aldcroft	Middleham.
Bullock	Tupgill.
Doyle...	Middleham.
J. Snowden	Middleham.
R. Osborne	Breckongill.
Fred. Bates	Tupgill.
Arthur Briggs	Spigot Lodge.



CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Bruere's and Mr. Fitz Ray's Harriers.

WHEN Mr. W. Bruere took over Lord Bolton's hounds, Bill Lee, a well-known Middleham character, was his whip and kennel huntsman, nearly all the time he had the hounds. Mr. Bruere was very fiery and hot tempered. One day he had an altercation with Lee; they got off their horses and had a round or two with their fists. Lee gave him a good licking. Bruere was so delighted, he gave Lee half-a-crown, saying, he had no idea Lee was so good a man.

Mr. Bruere had some wonderful horses, among them being "Zemindar," "Call Duck," "Fairyland," "Glengarry," "Murphy," "Heavy Legs,"

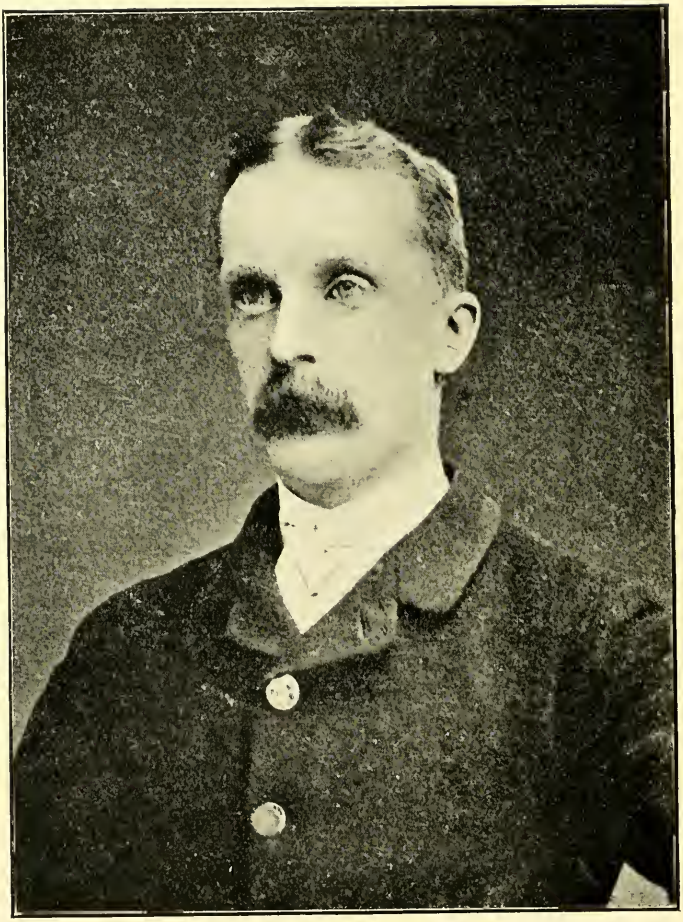
and a horse that had led "Kettledrum" in his Derby work. He could make his horses do almost anything for him, by coaxing them with bits of sugar, which he always carried in his pocket. His kennels were at Tomboy Paddock, between Middleham and Cover Bridge. He had been an officer in the old Indian army. I think he kept his hounds on until his health gave way about 1872–3. He was a fairly good rifle shot. The author has competed against him on many occasions. He shot from the left shoulder.

A Hound Trail.

Mr. R. Chapman, of Leyburn, in 1865–6, arranged a match with Mr. Bruere for a five-mile trail run between a Wensleydale hound and a big fast hound of Mr. Bruere's, which he used to handicap with a heavily weighted collar, to make him keep pace with his other hounds. On this

occasion he wore no collar, but was, nevertheless, terribly beaten. The match, which started and ended on Middleham Moor, was for five pounds. The Wensleydale hound was called "Young Butcher," and was trained by Tom Hancock, of Carperby.

Mr. Bruere's was the last pack of hounds kept at Middleham; I had not included this pack in my notes, as in my early days, Wensleydale, I understood, commenced at Wensley, and extended westward about twenty-three miles to Moor Cock, which is close to Hawes Junction Railway Station. Of late years there appears to have been a good deal of poaching on the word Wensleydale; as I frequently see Masham and occasionally Bedale included under the headings of Wensleydale. Why these extensions I know not, possibly it may be from its beautiful scenery which the railway has opened out, its many lovely waterfalls, the exhilarating health-giving breezes on its splendid grouse moors, its noted long-woolled sheep, or its far-famed Wensleydale cheese.



FITZ H. C. RAY, ESQ., FINGHALL.

Mr. Fitz Ray's Harriers.

Mr. Fitz Ray kept harriers from 1875–88. On one occasion a hunt breakfast was given at Tupgill, by Fred. Bates, to be followed by a run. They had a very good day. They found on Middleham Moor, and it ran up past Gale Bank to the length of the moor, on to Spigot Lodge, top of Penhill, then past Carlton to the Cover, back to Brecongill and was killed.

Another good run was from the Old Toll Bar above Bellerby, to Forty Acres; then on to Barden Moor, Boston Moor, over Grey Greet, to Harmby, back to Bellerby, then to Bobbin Mill, and killed.

A well-known sandy coloured hare at Scrafton, gave him many a good run, and was eventually killed at Horse House.

On a subsequent occasion they got on a fox at Stainton, ran through Forty Acres, and killed in Wildwood. This was kept very dark.

F. Ray was accidently shot on October 2nd, 1878. The present Mr. Scrope counted over two

hundred shot holes in his two thighs. He was hunting again soon after Christmas, but one leg pined very much, the nerve being damaged, and he could only ride by balance, as he had lost his grip through the injury. He died in 1888.

A Memory of September 7th, 1881.

Meet, East Witton Fell, 7.30 a.m.

All hail the morn! all hail the day!
And for the king of sports make way;
Shut up your flies, put by your rod,
Go into the stable and look after your "quad."

Get your saddle fit up with the Spence patent bar,
So if you come a good cropper you wont be dragged far;
For much better it is to run after your nag
Than heels up for his pleasure, he a mile you should drag.

But a truce to this babble, get into your saddle,
And make your way up to the Fell;
On this bright autumn morn, the note of the horn,
Is a sound we all dearly love well.

Mr. Christie has landed and so has John Maughan,
And old Tommy Croft has been ready since dawn;
So "Yoi!" into covert, my bonny brave bitches,
For we don't care a rap for the hedges or ditches.

But hark! a "View, halloa!" both long, loud and shrill,
Brought down by the breezes from off yonder hill,
So up go their hackles, and down go their sterns,
"Forrard! my darlings," as we crash thro' the ferns.

The morning was warm, and the scent was breast high,
They were hard at their fox, and he knew he must die;
Though he prided himself on his cunning and breeding,
It don't matter much when old *"Bella" is leading.

Half-an-hour passes o'er, and Puggy's laid low,
With the head in his hand, delighted, stands Joe,
While "Whoo-op!" is sounded, with "Too-too" on his horn;
O! the finest young fox that ever was born.

On to Corkeylow Wood, to make out the day—
Hounds are scarce in the covert, ere it's "Forrard, away!"
And streaming away to the notes of the horn,
Comes "Stop e'm, Joe, stop 'em!" they're in Pickard's corn.

But Pickard's a sort not oft' to be found,
And loves the sweet note of the deep-throated hound;
So he jumps off his reaper, and waves them along,
"Never mind about damage, and bother Joe's thong."

But our fox is an old 'un, and knows his abode,
For he turns to the right, and runs straight down the road,
Which is dusty, and hot, and dry as a bone,
So it's "Come along, beauties! let's leave him alone."

The game fox trotted on, alas! only to die,
Far away from the horn and the huntsman's wild cry;
For in Corkeylow Wood, where from the hounds he had fled,
With a shot in his heart poor Reynard laid dead.

---

*"Bella," by "Ballywood," dam, "Frantic," a twelve-season hunter, the best that ever lived."—*F. H. Ray.*

The Doctor looked savage; the Doctor looked black;
Doctor John wished himself miles away on his hack;
He could feel for the Master, as we very well know,
He had hunted the country long, long years ago.

Mr. Christie was angry, and so was John Maughan,
So was old Tommy Croft, who was ready since dawn,
And he mumbled and grumbled till he jolly well swore—
He had "ne'er seen the like, altho' nearly four score."

Now, while writing this poem, the snow-covered ground
Forbids all our hunting, and keeps in the hound;
And it makes us all crusty, and grumble and grunt,
But there's no use in bad language, it wont make us hunt.

So here's to the time when the horn and the hound,
Once more at the Meet, looking keen, shall be found,
Here's a bumper to those who have come from afar;
Here's "A-hunting," my lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!

F. H. C. R.

Finghall, *December 12th, 1882.*

CHAPTER XXI.

Two Amusing Stories of Sporting Parsons.

IN THE Spring of the year we occasionally took hounds over to Mallerstang, a wild, romantic valley that cannot boast of a town or even a village. It consists of several small scattered farm-houses with Mallerstang Crags on one side and Wild Boar Fell on the other, and at the top of it springs the river Eden. Both Mallerstang Crags and Wild Boar Fell were favourite spots for a litter of cubs. We mostly drove over in the evening prior to the day fixed for the meet. The hounds were put up at an inn, and we started at six o'clock in the morning in time for the drag of a fox.

There was a real, good old sporting parson who delighted in the music of the hounds; he always came down in the evening to ascertain the time and place of the meet, and, although he was rapidly approaching sixty, he never failed to put in an appearance punctually at the hour fixed. He was very kind to the many little farmers in the district, and when they wanted any assistance he would gladly give them all the help he could in the way of overlooking their rates and assessment papers, etcetera. This mostly was on Saturday evening, in the little inn in the valley. I have heard a story that on a Sunday following one of these evenings, he went to sleep in church during the singing of the hymn before the sermon. After a long silence some of the congregation became very uneasy, rising in their seats and commencing to put on their overcoats. The clerk noticing this, ascended the pulpit steps. Finding him asleep he awoke him with "Hey, hey, they're off, sir, they're off!"

"What, Charles," replied the parson, "they're off, eh?; well, then, fill 'em again."

The above reminds me of another story of Parson Brown, in Mr. Fairfax Blakeborough's book on "Cleveland, and its Hunt."

The Bilsdale hounds once went to Carlton to hunt a bag fox which had been caught by G. Hagger, of Faceby. They had been asked by Parson Brown to delay the turning down of the fox until he could finish the sacred service of uniting a happy Dale pair. Unfortunately the arrangements for the wedding had been fixed before the fox was trapped, so that it had to be proceeded with. The farmers and gentry who had assembled for the hunt, after waiting for a few minutes, became so impatient, that the fox was turned down; and Parson Brown, hearing them pass, threw off his surplice, and before he entered the vestry, the couple—for they were still a couple—saw he was in riding breeches and top boots. He ran to the back of the church, where he had left his horse tethered, and, before the congregation realized what had happened, was heard shouting "Tally-ho!" as he galloped

past the church. Not till next day was the service completed.

Another good story has just occurred to me of an ex-master of the Bedale Hunt.

A tenant farmer, whose christian name was Charles, called one day about noon on his landlord, and, while talking in the library, a bell rang, and the Squire said, "Ah! Charles, that is my luncheon bell, and, as it is about your dinner hour, perhaps you will join me, but I have only some hashed venison."

"Thank ye, Sir," said Charles, "I'll be very glad, an' I'se quite sure that what ye hev will be good enough for me."

Charles, in due time, got his first mouthful, and, after turning it over and over, eventually managed, with a mighty effort, to swallow it. Then he looked at the Squire, who was eating

with a hearty relish. So Charles, feeling a sense of duty, managed another morsel on his fork, but on getting it within a couple of inches of his mouth, he let it drop.

The Squire saw this, and remarked, "I fear, Charles, you don't like it."

"Well," replied Charles, "there's nae doubt, Sir, ye're a real gentleman, ivverybody knows that, but, by gosh! ye do eat carrion!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A Red Letter Day in Wensleydale.

WEDNESDAY, March 6th, 1907, was indeed a red letter day in Wensleydale. There was a joint meet of Mr. Scrope's and the Wensleydale hounds at Palmer Flatt, by the invitation of Mr. Tomlinson, to hunt a brace of foxes. It was, indeed, a day that Dalesmen will not readily forget, for there were many hundreds present, apparently from every part of the valley. The day was most beautifully fine, after a long and continuous spell of frost and snow, the hills stood out in grand bold relief, whilst old Penhill basking in the sun's rosy beams was a picture to be remembered. The sky was clear, the atmosphere so bright

UNITED MEET OF MR. SCROPE S AND THE WENSLEYDALE HOUNDS, AT PALMER FLATT.

Note Huntsman with fox in sack.

By permission of "The Crown" Illustrated Paper.

MR. SCROPE'S PACK AND KENNELS.

By permission of "The Crown" Illustrated Paper.

that hounds could be followed with the naked eye to the top of the opposite mountain heights, and it was, withal, a good scenting day. The first fox went west for a short distance until headed, he then turned left-handed through Burton Bottoms, up past Flanders Hall, pointing for somewhere between Sorrelsykes and Morpeth Gate, bending to the right, he ran up and through Jack Wood, leaving Morpeth Scar to the left, forward, up to and over Burton Outstray into Coverdale. Here, turning to the left, he ran hounds out of scent somewhere behind Penhill, the followers being so far behind, owing to the stone walls and a stiff unjumpable wire fence, that the exact spot where hounds lost their fox I cannot quite ascertain. They covered about five miles. The hounds were brought back, and the hunters then partook of Mr. Tomlinson's kind hospitality.

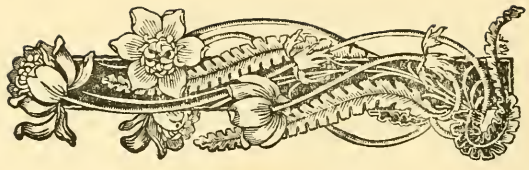
The second fox was turned down behind Aysgarth, he ran in the direction of Thoralby by the top of Heaning Gill up Thoralby Haw, skirted the foot of Gayling, through Thornton

Moor, up and round Addleborough, down nearly to Cubeck where he swung to the left, up and past Scar Top, and on to the west end of Worton Edges, where hounds marked him to ground after a good run of seven or eight miles. It now being five o'clock, and Mr. Scrope fully fifteen miles from his kennels, he decided not to dig.

I am aware that hunting bag foxes is not considered quite orthodox, but I feel sure that, without "kisting," quite eight out of ten of these wild moorland foxes would escape death and thus leave open to those game preserving enthusiasts that everlasting exaggerated cry of the amount of damage they do to game. I have recently been told that hunting bagsmen makes hounds wild. This I have noticed only in united meets with other packs, and this, I believe, does cause a little jealousy, and may have a tendency to make hounds run riot, but the greatest drawback I always found was the hallooing, shouting, and wild running of excitable foot people who do not understand anything of hounds or hunting.

Mr. Scrope, I believe, has been very much astonished at the way they still do things "up t' Dale," and especially "aboon t' hippins," the huntsman carrying the fox in a sack on his back whilst a regular follower of the hounds goes round with a cap for him. Good old custom! Long may it be continued.

I am pleased to be able to add that Mr. Scrope, the good sportsman that he is, was candid and gallant enough to admit that both foxes fairly and squarely beat them.



CHAPTER XXIII.

Present Day.

THE hounds are now kept in kennel at Flattlands by W. H. Tomlinson, Esq., who has been Master since 1882.

Their first meet is still, I believe, on 3rd or 4th October, Aysgarth Feast-day. They have, of late years, had a joint meet with the Swaledale Harriers, and even last year they had a hound trail in the afternoon, so this good old custom is not quite extinct. Mr. Tomlinson hunts two or three days a week, and has fourteen couples of hounds. Long may they continue to make the dear old Dale ring with their cheery, melodious music, is the ardent wish of the humble compiler of these reminiscences.

MR. W. H. TOMLINSON (Mounted) WITH HOUNDS.

I am indebted to Squire Tomlinson for the following list of hounds now kept by him at Flattlands :—

Butcher.	Duster.	Mischief.
Bugler.	Diligent.	Merrylass.
Blossom.	Dewdrop.	Merriman.
Batchelor.	Dainty.	Milton.
Drover.	Dally.	Rioty.
Danger.	Dagmar.	Ransom.
Damper.	Felix.	Saucy.
Darter.	Gameboy.	Limerick.
Duchess.	Masterman.	Prudent.
	Matchem.	

The hounds, "Danger," "Drover," "Damper," "Darter" and "Duchess," were out of a bitch, "Dagmar," from the Roddale Harriers, by Wensleydale "Romper." "Dewdrop" and "Duster" were out of a Roddale bitch, "Diligent," by Wensleydale "Thunder." "Masterman," "Merriman" and "Milton," were out of Wensleydale "Mischief," by Wensleydale "Lapidist." As a rule all Wensleydale hounds are bred from others in the pack shewing good qualities, such as good mouths, good road hunters, general intelligence in work, and absence of quarrelsomeness and

pugnacity in kennels, with any other good points noticed in their characters. Very little new blood, except the Roddale strain, has been introduced into the pack since they were brought to the kennels at Flattlands.

They generally hunt three days a week, and the places fixed for the meets are Walden, Burton Banks, Morpeth Gate, Carperby, Woodhall, Nappa Hall, Askrigg, Cubeck, Thornton Rust, Camshouses, Low Fors, Aysgarth Pastures, Seate End, Thoralby, etc. They also have united meets with the Swaledale Harriers at Grinton and Summer Lodge.

A Singular Coincidence and an Excellent Run with a Hare.

My friend, Mr. Tom Lodge, Woodhall, an excellent footman and constant follower of the Wensleydale hounds, sends me the following :—

"On March 2nd, 1907, two hares, after capital runs, took to Lake Semerwater, the

second one was brought out by a hound called "Felix," who saw her swimming. "Felix" is a first-season hound, a tip-topper, and as game as a pebble. I think these two hares taking the lake is quite a coincidence, as I have never known one do it before. Hares swimming the river is not uncommon."

He sends me also an account of another good run they had about a week before the above :—

"We met at Carperby, put hare up after a quest in Scott's pasture, above the village, went right away, round Lingy pasture, down to Carperby (town end), then up again on to the high side and right away to Hawbank, on to the first flat, where hounds had a slight check as she had doubled and come down to the wood again. However, I espied her coming down and put hounds right again ; they then ran down to Sleets top, where she took the road to the west end of Carperby, turned down to the Station, about three hundred yards, when they could not make her out any further. She had

squatted either on the roadside or just over the wall, I cannot say which, but I viewed her going over a hill. Off they went again, half the length of the village, when she was met in a stile by a man, she turned and took through the fields below Carperby, down to the Railway Station, into and through Freeholder's wood, west, and into Bearpark. Crossed the line up the river-side to Aysgarth stepping stones, recrossed railway (here my wind was giving out) over the road up to the high side again, out of my sight. I held on to the top of Sleets, just as I got to the top of the hill, they were viewing her down. She crossed the road, but doubling, met me at a gateway, turned, was viewed, run into and picked up untorn by your humble servant. Time, about an hour and twenty minutes, going fast at times; and, in the fields behind Carperby, I never saw nicer hound work put in, twisting, turning, and trying all her artful dodges in vain. She was a good one, a right moor-sider and as tough as pin wire. It is a capital place for a hunt between Hawbank and Carperby, but there

are far too many ten shilling gunners about that let fly at any and everything that gets up.

Incidents at Wimbledon.

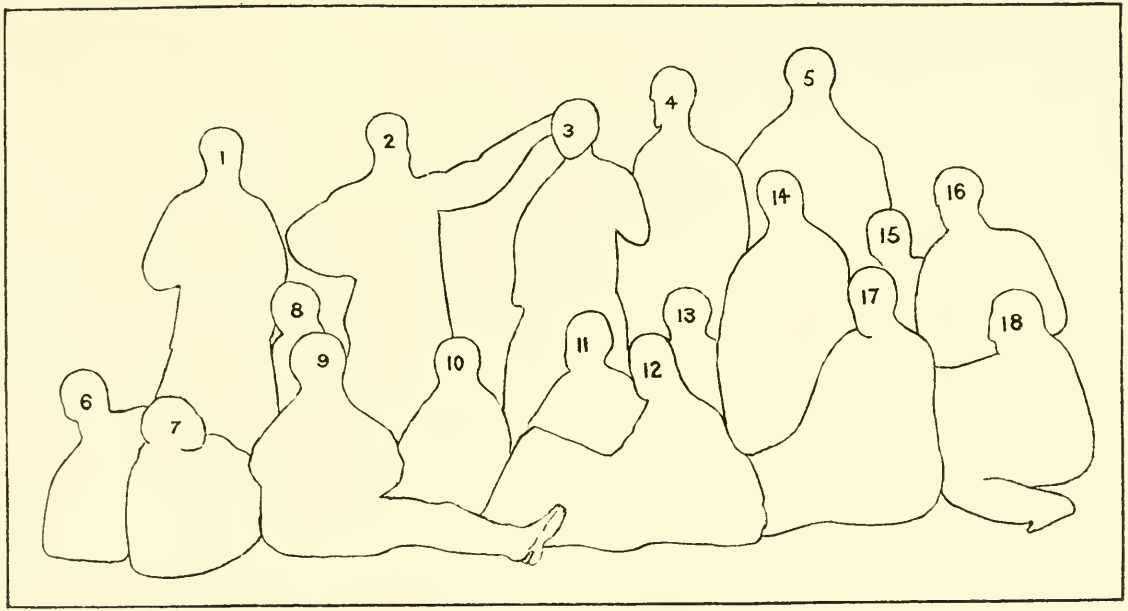
The following little incident at Wimbledon may be interesting. In was in 1863 or '66, when the Belgians were on a visit to compete at the meeting. Two old Dales volunteers, J. Humble and J. Cockburn (*alias* Auld Jack), one evening after gun-fire paid a visit to the Middlesex camp. Humble was a well-known Dalesman, kennel huntsman to the late Lord Bolton, a most trustworthy servant, and, in fact, was said to be his Lordship's factotum. Cockburn I have previously mentioned under the heading "Auld Jack." Well, they met a group of cockneys, when Jack was shewn off as one of the "Belgeeans." Jack spoke in his very best broad Yorkshire, which, of course, was not understood, then Humble stepped in and said he would do interpreter, as he was well up in the "Belgeean" language.

The cockneys were so pleased with the foreigner, and Humble for interpreting, that they gave them about ten shillings. When the liberal cockneys had left Humble said, "Yorkshire has been ower mony for them cockneys this time."

It was about the same year when a retired Indian officer marched into camp with a soldier-servant and a monkey. The latter seemed to take a delight in imitating his master in every way, even so far, it was said, as to using the same tooth-brush. This was not considered a desirable acquisition to the officers' lines, so a Cheshire volunteer officer and I one night let down his tent. It fell with a crash; pole, lantern, sword, etc., but it neither awoke master or man. Presently there was a cry of "tent down! tent down!" The Camp Commandant, who was soon on the spot, and not in the sweetest of moods, asked who had done it; there being no wind, he said it was impossible to have fallen by itself. The

GROUP OF YORKSHIRE RIFLE SHOTS IN FRONT OF THE YORKSHIRE TENT
AT WIMBLEDON, 1873.

KEY TO ABOVE ILLUSTRATION



1. Col.-Sergt. MICKLE (Bedale).
2. Sergt. W. BRUERE, 4th N.Y.R.V.
3. HON. W. T. O. POWLETT (now Lord Bolton).
4. Capt. S. T. SCROPE, 4th N.Y.R.V.
5. The late LORD BOLTON.
6. Sergt. E. CHAPMAN, 12th N.Y.R.V.
7. Private J. HUMBLE, 4th N.Y.R.V.
8. A Rotherham Volunteer.
9. Col.-Sergt. WOODCOCK, W.Y.R.V.
10. Private T. SWAIN, W.Y.R.V.
11. Lieut. F. CHAPMAN, 12th N.Y.R.V.
12. Lieut. HARRISON, W.Y.R.V.
13. Capt. CLARK, Bedale.
14. Lieut. FRYER, 4th N.Y.R.V.
15. C. OTHER, JUN., 12th N.Y.R.V.
16. A Rotherham Volunteer.
17. Sergt. J. O. TROTTER, 4th N.Y.R.V.
18. Col.-Sergt. MARRIOTT, Halifax.

monkey was bucking about under the canvas. The Colonel, seeing this, made a rush for the tent, when he was hailed with "Be careful, Colonel, that's the monkey, he has gnawed the tent ropes." The officer was first taken out and carried to the hospital tent for the night, the servant next, both still fast asleep. Must have had some deep somniferous draughts. The monkey was led down the lines. Next morning, monkey had marching orders and not to return. The officer said, on leading him away, that he was going to show him at the Crystal Palace. Whether he did or not I never heard. That was the last I saw of Mr. Monkey.

A Song of the Wensleydale Hunt.

By Mr. A. W. King.

The Aysgarth Hounds are a noble pack
And a-hunting they will go;
Until they've killed they never come back
When a-hunting they do go;

There's Gameboy and Dainty and Lapidist,
And other good hounds that are never missed,
When a hare, or a fox from a moorland kist,
A-hunting they do go.

CHORUS.

A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
It's "Tally-ho" now, and "So-ho" then,
And it suits old-fashioned hunting men
To join the Squire again and again
When a-hunting he does go.

Now the Squire he is a splendid sport,
For a-hunting he will go;
He's one of the real old-fashioned sort
And a-hunting he will go;
He keeps his hounds and he loves them well,
And his hunting cry is a famous yell,
And his bonny black mare is as sound as a bell
When a-hunting she does go.—CHORUS.

The Askrigg hares give a real good view
When a-hunting we do go;
There's Good Old Skiddy and Harry too
Who a-hunting both will go;
There's *"Tummus Bee-ans" and Hopper and Pratt,
Who are sure to be there, you may bet your hat,
And lile Bry Raw, as smart as a cat,
When a-hunting we do go.—CHORUS.

*Thomas Baynes, Esq., Manor House, Bainbridge.

There's another you know who is six feet long,
And a-hunting he will go;
His telescope eye is never found wrong
When a-hunting he does go;
He never fails to find when a hare is about,
And the hounds all know his "So-ho" shout,
For the hunt goes well whenever he is out
And a-hunting we do go.—Chorus.

There's Mister Purchas, of Flanders "Hahll"—
A-hunting he will go;
He's neean sae keen o' climming a wahll
When a-hunting he does go;
He stands in the road and cracks his joke,
And if hounds are away enjoys his smoke,
But you'll never persuade him to ride on a moke
When a-hunting he does go.—Chorus.

The farmers all like to come to the meet
When a-hunting we do go;
And it is to them a glorious treat
When a-hunting we do go;
They like to see a first-class quest,
Ayther gahing east or hodding west,—
When the hare's in the pot they like it best,
So a-hunting they will go.—Chorus.

And William Percival's a huntsman grand
When a-hunting he does go;
There isn't his equal in all the land
When a-hunting he does go;

He is up the hill and is down the dale,
And whatever he does he is never stale,
And when he has coupled he drinks his ale
And homeward then does go.—Chorus.

There's the 'Prentice Hand who makes this song—
A-hunting he will go;
He never walks fast and he can't run long
When a-hunting he does go;
He stands by the wall and he stops to the last,
And he never says a word when the hare goes past,
And in rain or shine or in stormy blast
A-hunting he will go.—Chorus.

Then here's to the Fox and the Hare and the Hounds,
When a-hunting we do go;
And here's to the pleasure which ever abounds
When a-hunting we do go;
And here's to the scent on a fine hunting day,
And here's to us all, at work or at play,
And here's to the Squire,—may he live long to say—
"A-hunting we will go."

A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go.
It's "Tally-ho" now, and "So-ho" then,
And it suits old-fashioned hunting men
To join the Squire again and again
When a-hunting he does go.

A Few Points to be Observed on the Working of Hounds.

Before closing this chapter, I think a few remarks under the above heading may not be inappropriate. For instance, when hounds run for any considerable distance in a perfectly straight line—when not viewing their fox, or cheeking in a strong wind, without swerving to the right or left in order to catch the scent—you may almost invariably conclude that they are running false.

I recollect my father telling me that on one occasion when he was out with the late Duke of Cleveland's hounds, and when leading the field, he drew rein, and the Duke on passing asked why he had done so.

"The hounds are not running a yard, your Grace," promptly answered my father.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Duke, galloping on. But he had not gone very far before he also found they were off the line of scent, and

on cantering back, enquired, "Why did you say they were running false, Mr. Chapman?"

"Because," was the reply, "whenever you see hounds on a calm day like this run so far in a perfectly straight line, to me it is conclusive evidence that they are off the scent. They should always swerve a little now and again, in order to catch the scent."

I have often noticed this myself in hound trails, when running the strong scent of turpentine and aniseed; and it is not at all uncommon to see them cheek it, and run quite fifty yards inside the line of trail, catching the scent as it is borne away by the breeze. Trainers and eye-witnesses of the annual hound trails at Grasmere sports, will, I feel confident, confirm this opinion.

I remember in the Seventies, when running a fox up Morpeth Scar, at the top of which there is a green grass lane leading towards the west, when the hounds had just got on to the lane, a groom or hind hollowed, and galloped the hounds as fast as he could along the lane, but

just as he started off I noticed a favourite hound make a point, as though the fox had crossed the lane and jumped the wall on the high side. But what with the man's galloping, tally-hoing, and shouting, and waving his hat in the air, as if to cheer them on, the hounds continued on their mad career, giving tongue most freely. When they reached the end of the lane and on to an open allotment, they at once threw up their heads, seeing this, I called the hounds back, and took them to the spot where I had seen "Butcher," a most reliable hound, make the point alluded to. But before getting to the exact place, I told the man's master to send his man home, or I would take the hounds away. He obeyed my instructions, and the hounds hit off the line at the spot I had noticed, ran up through Stony Woods, turned to the right, up to the top of Thupton Gill, then bending to the left, they ran through Burton outstray, along the top of the moor, where the hounds were pressing him so closely that he left the moor, swinging down left handed, and ran along the hillside through Black Scar,

over the West Witton peat road, with hounds viewing, and close on his brush, which he just saved by getting to ground in that strong earth on the ridge in Penhill Craggs. Needless to say, I was much annoyed, as the hounds were close on their fox when the man yelled them away, and but for this delay of quite twenty minutes, the hounds would most assuredly have killed their fox, and thus got the blood they so richly deserved.

Much more could be written about the dragging up to a fox, as well as the questing of a hare.

A Master or huntsman with an eye for hounds, should readily be able to discern the difference even with a mixed pack. Hounds when on the drag of a fox mostly bristle and put their hackles up, and look much wilder and keener than when on the quest of a hare.

There are also many points to be observed in questing to a hare, as frequently before she squats she makes a double, and invariably takes an off-leap of six or eight feet to the

right or left, prior to her settling on her form. Old hounds seem to know when she is likely to be found, presumably, I should say, from the stronger scent on her last double; and it may frequently be noticed how, after running this double, the hounds all get their heads up, and are quite on the *qui-vive*, as though they expected to see her put off.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Conclusion.

ALAS! now many old Dalesmen and friends, contemporaneous with the early records of this old hill and dale pack are no more; still, if the reading of these narratives should bring back to the memories of those still living, some pleasing reminders of their youthful days, I shall feel myself most fully repaid for my endeavours to put before them my remembrances of many long and most enjoyable runs in the good old days with the Wensleydale hounds.

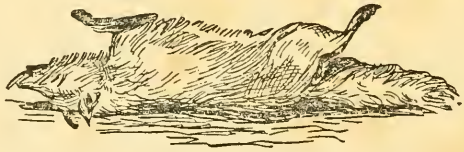
Oh! how these reminiscences bring back to my memory those happy days of good runs in the old-fashioned style, when men thought more of following the hounds, enjoying their melodious,

THE KILL. "WHOO-OP."

P. A. Ramus, Eastbourne.

merry, musical tongues, watching their casting and twistings and general hound work, instead of the modern style of break-neck galloping about in all directions, and, more frequently than not, causing the hounds to over-run the scent, run riot, as well as giving great trouble and much annoyance to both Master and huntsmen.

It is now my very pleasing duty to return my sincere thanks to many friends, old and new, not only for their generous subscriptions towards the cost of publishing, but also to many others for their kind replies to my circular, as well as for extracts from old diaries and copies of old letters, which have given me much data relative to packs of hounds kept in Wensleydale, which otherwise I could not have obtained. Notably to J. C. Winn, Esq., J.P. (The Grange, West Burton), C. J. Burrill, Esq., J.P. (Elm House), W. H. Tomlinson, Esq. (Flattlands, Aysgarth), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chapman (The Cliff, Leyburn), Col. J. W. Lodge, J.P. (The Rookery, Bishopdale), and William Purchas, Esq. (Flanders Hall, West Burton), for their generous donations, as well as

to the following for extracts from old diaries and copies of old letters:—To Lord Bolton (Bolton Hall), for extracts from the diary of his father, the late Lord Bolton; S. C. Scrope, Esq. (Danby Hall) for several items from his great-grandfather's diary; William Purchas, Esq. (Flanders Hall) for copies of old letters relating to the Thoralby and Burton, and Askrigg Harriers, from the diary of his grandfather, Squire Willis, of Warnford; and the Rev. H. G. Topham (Middleham) for information concerning the pack kept at Middleham by his father, Christopher Topham, Esq.; and several others for kind aid rendered.

I feel that my book is still incomplete, but, having been for so many years away from my old home, I naturally am not quite in touch with the up-to-date doings in the Dale.